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HOW THE ROBIN CAME.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

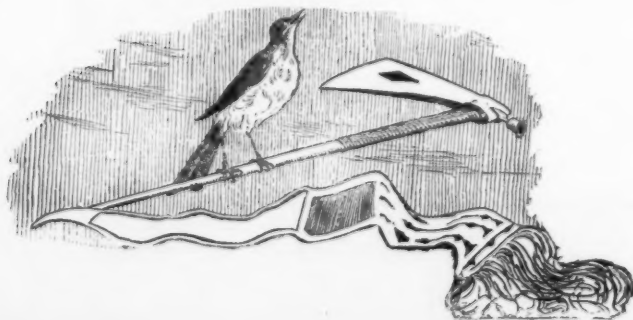
HAPPY young friends, sit by me,
Under May's blown apple-tree;
Hear a story, strange and old,
By the wild red Indians told,
How the robin came to be:

Once a great chief left his son,—
Well-beloved, his only one,—
When the boy was well-nigh grown,
In the trial-lodge alone.
Left for tortures long and slow
Youths like him must undergo,
Who their pride of manhood test,
Lacking water, food, and rest.
Seven days the fast he kept,
Seven nights he never slept.
Then the poor boy, wrung with pain,
Weak from nature's overstrain,
Faltering, moaned a low complaint:
"Spare me, Father, for I faint!"
But the chieftain, haughty-eyed,
Hid his pity in his pride.
"You shall be a hunter good,
Knowing never lack of food;
You shall be a warrior great,
Wise as fox and strong as bear;
Many scalps your belt shall wear,
If with patient heart you wait
One day more!" the father said.
When, next morn, the lodge he sought,

And boiled samp and moose-meat brought
For the boy, he found him dead.

As with grief his grave they made,
And his bow beside him laid,
Pipe, and knife, and wampum-braid —
On the lodge-top overhead,
Preening smooth its breast of red
And the brown coat that it wore,
Sat a bird, unknown before.
And as if with human tongue,
"Mourn me not," it said, or sung;
"I, a bird, am still your son,
Happier than if hunter fleet,
Or a brave, before your feet
Laying scalps in battle won.
Friend of man, my song shall cheer
Lodge and corn-land; hovering near,
To each wigwam I shall bring
Tidings of the coming spring;
Every child my voice shall know
In the moon of melting snow,
When the maple's red bud swells,
And the wind-flower lifts its bells.
As their fond companion
Men shall henceforth own your son,
And my song shall testify
That of human kin am I."

Thus the Indian legend saith
How, at first, the robin came
With a sweeter life from death,
Bird for boy, and still the same.
If my young friends doubt that this
Is the robin's genesis,
Not in vain is still the myth
If a truth be found therewith:
Unto gentleness belong
Gifts unknown to pride and wrong;
Happier far than hate is praise —
He who sings than he who slays.





Almion Auria and Mona

• BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE •



LITTLE boy, named Almion, traveling from a distant land, came at evening to the borders of a new country. He was very weary, and, before going farther, he looked about for a place in which to rest himself. He soon found a bank of soft moss beneath the face of a rock, which was still warm from the sunshine that had been on it all the afternoon. So he laid himself down on the moss, with his back against the warm rock, and began to wonder what adventures awaited him in the country over yonder. The duskiness of twilight had by this time so overspread the earth that Almion could see little. He fancied there was a glimmer of many lights somewhere in the distance in front of him, and a murmur as of many voices: but while he was straining his eyes and ears, trying to make out what the lights were and what the voices said, his weariness overcame him, and he fell asleep.

He had a strange dream during his sleep. He dreamt that it was early morning, just before sunrise, and that he was walking toward the East, when he saw, advancing to meet him, a beautiful little girl. She was dressed in a wonderful garment, soft as the touch of the south wind in June, and changing with rainbow hues as she moved. Her hair flowed down on her shoulders like a delicate mist of amber; her eyes sparkled like blue stars, and her voice was like the music of birds singing for joy—only birds can not speak in words, as this little maiden did.

"Almion, is that you?" she said.

"I am Almion," he said, gazing at her; "but I have never seen you before. Who are you?"

"I am a princess," she replied, "and I am sent to be your companion."

Almion thought it would be pleasant to have such a lovely little companion. So he stretched forth his hand to take hers, and said, "Come, then, let us go together!"

"That can not be, Almion," answered the princess, "until you have become rich and beautiful, and wear a garment like this of mine."

"How shall I become rich and beautiful, and where shall I find such a garment?" asked the boy.

"That you may learn in yonder country," said the little princess, pointing toward the West. "There is work to be done there which will give you both riches and beauty and the power to weave a rainbow garment. And then, dear Almion, we will be happy together."

As she said these words, the princess smiled and waved her hand to him, as if she were about to go away. But Almion exclaimed: "Shall I never see you while my work is going on? Must I be all alone?"

The princess was silent for a moment, and Almion fancied he saw tears in her eyes. At last she said:

"You will not be alone, Almion, unless you wish to be. But your princess can not show herself to you unless you seek for her. And sometimes, perhaps, when you think she is nearest you, she will be farthest away. But if you find the right gold, and know the true beauty, all will be well. Otherwise, even though I stood beside you, you would not know me."

"Oh, I shall always know you!" exclaimed Almion. The princess smiled again, though the

tears were still in her eyes, and again waved her hand. And at that moment the great sun rose above the earth, directly behind her, and in its strong brightness her rainbow figure seemed to be absorbed and to vanish; so that when the sun had risen a little higher, the place where she had just stood was empty. Almion turned around and looked behind him, but saw only his long shadow stretching over the borderland of the new country. With that he awoke and rubbed his eyes, and found that it was a dream; but the night had passed over him while he slept, and the sun had indeed arisen, and was shining over the new country. The princess was nowhere to be seen; but over the meadow there was a wreath of golden mist that reminded Almion of her hair, and from the grove came a music of birds that was like the tones of her voice, and the grass was sprinkled with dew that sparkled like the tears in her eyes when she had smiled through them. So, although he had only dreamt of her, he felt sure that she was a real princess, and that they would meet again.

Almion's sleep had rested him, but he felt quite hungry; so, having washed his face in a brook that flowed across the road, he set forward briskly in the hopes of meeting with some one who would give him a breakfast. The new country, seen by daylight, looked very pleasant. Before him stretched a wide plain, which, beyond, seemed to descend into a deep valley, with rocky clefts here and there, and shaggy clumps of pine-trees and tangled bushes. On the farther side of this valley a great mountain rose high aloft, with a misty height of snowy pinnacles, and its dark sides, above the forest-belt, seamed with the ancient furrows made by glaciers and avalanches. The valley and the mountain seemed wild and perilous; but the plain was fertile, with cultivated fields and waving crops, and shady roads winding through the midst. Upon the verge of the plain, just where it overhung the deep valley, stood a pretty village with many little white houses ranged in rows, each house with a red brick chimney, and standing in the midst of a small square yard surrounded by a wall. The road along which Almion was walking led directly to this village, and as he came nearer, he saw numbers of little people hastening to and fro in the streets. At first, he thought they were children, for few of them were any taller than himself; but when he reached the entrance of the village, he saw that their faces were old, like those of grown-up people. They all appeared very busy, for they hurried along, with their eyes on the ground or looking straight before them; and they paid no attention to one another.

"Will you tell me where I can get some breakfast?" asked Almion of one of them who was passing him.

The little man, without stopping or even looking around, pointed with his thumb over his shoulder, and hurried on.

Almion went in the direction indicated, which was toward the center of the village. On his way thither, he passed and was passed by many persons, and often he repeated to them his question, "Where can I get my breakfast?" Some of them turned their heads aside, and crossed the road as if to get out of his way; others stared at him and frowned; others smiled oddly; and others again pointed with their thumbs in the same way that the first had done. At last the hungry traveler came to a large open square, in the midst of which was a large table heaped up with pies and cake and other good things to eat; and sitting in a chair beside the table was a little old woman—the very first woman that Almion had seen in the whole village.

"Good-morning," said Almion, walking up to the table. "Is this breakfast for me?"

The old woman had two boxes, one on each side of her, both containing a quantity of coarse yellow dust that glowed in the sunlight with a dull, tawny luster, and which Almion thought looked too dirty to handle. Nevertheless, the old woman kept dipping her fingers into the box on the right, clutching up handfuls of the yellow dust, and putting it into the box on the left; and every time she did this, she would mutter to herself the following rhyme:

"Double must, pretty dust,
Hearts of men and iron rust."

On hearing Almion's question, she glanced up at him for a moment, and then said, while she went on with her occupation: "Yes, if you have gold enough."

"What sort of gold?" asked Almion, remembering what the princess had told him.

"The right sort, to be sure," answered the old woman—"the sort I have here;" and she fished up another handful of the tawny dust.

"If that is gold," said Almion, "I have none, and don't want any."

"Then you don't want any breakfast," replied the old woman.

Now Almion did want his breakfast very much, and the sight of the cakes and pies had made him hungrier than ever. So he said, "Where can I find the gold, then?"

"Where other honest folks do, I suppose," returned she.

"And where is that?"

"In the pit!" was her answer; and nothing more could he induce her to say, except to mutter the old doggerel:

"Double must, pretty dust,
Hearts of men and iron rust."

Almion turned away, feeling rather down-hearted; but he told himself that such yellow dirt as the old woman wanted must be common enough, and that if he could but find his way to the pit, all would soon be well. "Besides," added he, brightening up a little, "gold is what the princess told me to get; and if the old woman told the truth about this being the right gold, then I shall not only be earning my breakfast, but my princess, too!" This idea so encouraged him that he stepped out briskly, and, overtaking a little man who was hurrying along with a spade in one hand and a bucket in the other, he inquired his way to the pit.

The little man gave his head a jerk in the direction in which they both were going, as much as to say that the pit lay before them; so, without more words (for Almion had by this time begun to find out that very little talking was done in this country), they jogged along together side by side, and the road by which they went led toward the deep valley beyond the verge of the plain.

When they got there, Almion looked down and saw an immense hole, big enough to have held a good-sized hill; and multitudes of the little people were scattered all about in its depths, working as if their lives depended upon it. Each man had a spade and a bucket, and they would first loosen the earth with their spades, and then sit down and sift it carefully through their fingers; and all the yellow grains that were sifted out they would put into the buckets. It was a very tiresome and dirty business, but otherwise there seemed to be no particular difficulty about it, and Almion thought he would soon be able to get all the gold he needed. So he set about clambering down into the pit. But, before doing so, he looked out across the valley and toward the mountain. The valley was a vast chasm of wild and awful beauty; the sunshine never seemed to find its way into the lower depths, where the black rocks and swarthy pines made a sort of midnight even at noon. Far beyond, on the farther side, uprose the mighty mountain, towering toward the sky, steep and sublime, with the pure gleam of snow upon its pinnacled summit. It seemed a pity to go down into the dirty pit, out of sight of all this grandeur. But how else was Almion to earn his breakfast? Down he went, therefore, and on his way he asked his companion whether any one ever had crossed the valley and climbed the mountain. The little

man seemed perplexed at this question. He put on a pair of horn spectacles and stared in the direction Almion pointed; but soon he shook his head and smiled oddly, as much as to say that there were no such things as a valley and a mountain, and that Almion must be out of his wits to talk about such things. It is evident, however, that one might as well shut one's eyes as attempt to see through a pair of horn spectacles.

All day long, Almion dug and sifted in the pit, and by evening he had quite a large heap of yellow dust in his bucket; but he was all begrimed with dirt, and very tired. As he climbed out of the hole, on his way back to the village, he saw that a mist had gathered over the valley, making it look like a cloudy ocean; but around the crest of the mountain was a wreath of vapor, which the setting sun had turned into celestial gold. As Almion gazed at it, a fear came over him that this might be the right sort of gold after all, and that the stuff he had in his bucket was nothing but the dirt that it appeared to be. The thought almost made him cry; but just at that moment some one touched his shoulder, and looking around, whom should he see but the little old woman, with a basket full of pies and cakes on her arm.

"Come, my dear," she said, speaking in a much pleasanter tone than in the morning. "You have dug well to-day, and that is a fine lot of gold you have sifted out. Come home with me, and since you had no breakfast this morning, you shall now have breakfast, dinner, and supper all in one. Come along, my dear; you will be as rich and handsome as any of them before long."

The sight of the good things to eat, and the pleasant manner of the old woman, encouraged Almion greatly, and made him forget all about the golden wreath on the mountain. So he let the old woman take him to her house, which was a little square white building like the others, with a brick chimney, and a wall surrounding the yard. There Almion ate until he was satisfied; and then, feeling very heavy and stupid, he fell asleep. But he had no such dream as had visited him the night before.

He was awakened in the morning by hearing the voice of the old woman in the kitchen, where she was scolding somebody very hard. Almion looked in, and saw her standing over a little creature in a black gown, who was on her knees scrubbing the kitchen floor.

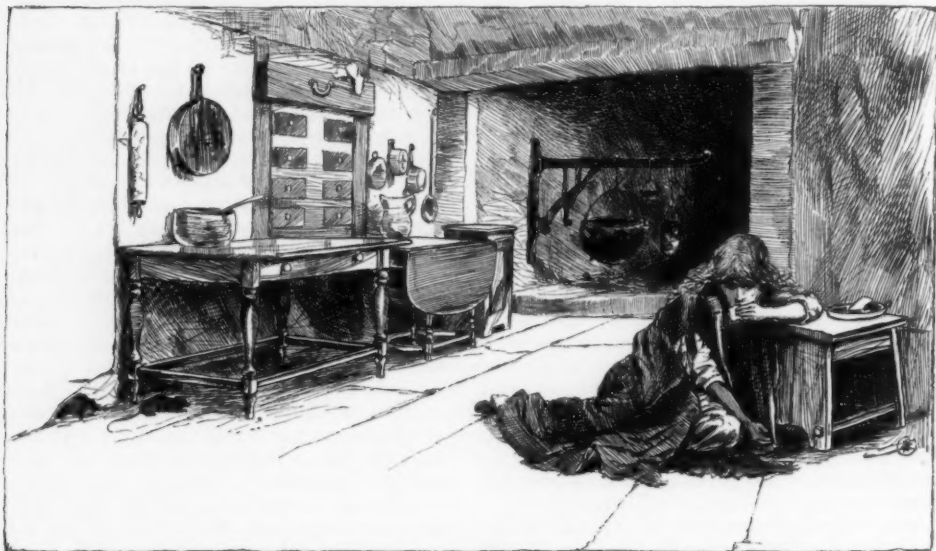
"Who is that you are scolding?" Almion asked.

"She is our servant, my dear," the old woman answered; "and a more lazy, good-for-nothing, vicious little wretch does not live in this village. And the more I scold her the worse she gets."

Almion thought that, in that case, it might be better not to scold her at all. But just at that moment the old woman began to lay the table for breakfast, and the sight of it put the thought of the little servant out of his head. He ate very heartily, the old woman all the while pressing him to eat more; and when he had finished, she said:

"And now, my dear, you can go back to the

day. As he went out of the house, he heard the old woman scolding Mona, the little servant, in the kitchen, and he even thought she was beating her. He could not help feeling sorry for the poor creature, who seemed to him more feeble and unhappy than vicious. But he told himself that the old woman must know more about that than he; so he drove the subject out of his mind, and went



"SHE CERTAINLY IS A WRETCHED LITTLE CREATURE," SAID ALMION TO HIMSELF."

pit and get some more of the pretty dust. And while you are away, I will begin to weave your garment for you."

"My rainbow garment?" cried Almion, brightening up.

"To be sure, my dear; only it will be much prettier than a rainbow, for it will be all made of gold and precious stones. And the more dust you get the prettier it will be, and the sooner it will be finished."

"And then shall I find my princess?" inquired Almion.

"To be sure you will, my dear," replied the other, nodding knowingly. "You will find her sooner than you expect, and a very pretty princess she will be, though I say it."

Almion looked at the old woman, and it seemed to him that she was neither so old nor so ugly as the day before, and her voice was quite soft and agreeable. He hardly knew what to make of it; but he resolved to get a great deal of dust that

down to the pit. As he descended, he glanced over at the valley and the mountain; but a heavy gray mist still lay over the former, and the latter seemed so remote and dim as almost to be invisible. But the pit was full of little men, all of them working as hard as if their lives depended upon it, and chanting this rhyme:

"Pretty pelf, pretty pelf,
Every man for himself;
Lay it up on the shelf,
Pretty pelf, pretty pelf."

At first, it struck Almion as being mere meaningless doggerel; but after awhile, as the chant went on, he found himself joining in with the rest, and the chanting of the words seemed really to make the digging and sifting easier to him. So he dug and sifted and chanted all day long, and by evening he had filled his bucket up to the brim with yellow dust. At the pit's mouth he met the old woman, as before; but it was surprising to see how much she had improved in appearance. She

seemed scarcely more than middle-aged, and her face was almost handsome. Almion gazed at her, and hardly knew what to make of it.

"There you are, my dear!" she exclaimed, smiling at him; "and a very good day's work you have done, sure enough. Come home with me at once; there is a delicious supper waiting, if that lazy girl, Mona, has not spoiled it while I was away. But I'll give her what she deserves!"

"Why don't you send her away, since she is good for nothing?" asked Almion.

"Ah! that is just what she would like; but I'm not going to please her. No, indeed; she shall stay and work her fingers to the bone, if I have to scold her from morning till night. But don't you trouble yourself about her, my dear. I have begun to weave your garment, and it will be finished by the end of the week, if you work as well as you have done."

When they reached the house, the mistress bustled about to get the supper on the table, rating Mona soundly all the while. Almion peeped into the kitchen, and there was the little servant on her knees on the floor, scrubbing away with soap and sand, and looking dingier and raggeder than ever. She kept her face turned away from Almion, but he could imagine how homely and haggard it must look. "She certainly is a wretched little creature," he said to himself; "I wish we could get rid of her altogether." By this time supper was ready, and it tasted even better than the evening before, and Almion ate till he was as full as his own bucket, his companion heaping more good things on his plate. At last he fairly fell asleep in his chair, and slept heavily until the next morning.

At breakfast the old woman appeared, looking so fresh and young and agreeable that it was plainly impossible to think of her as an old woman any longer. She was youthful, rosy, comely, with the softest of voices and the sweetest of smiles. Her eyes were bright blue, like bits of blue china, and instead of the old hood which had, till now, covered her head, she wore a great coil of yellow hair, very much the same color as the gold dust that Almion had been so busy gathering. Altogether, if Almion had not had an idea that he had heard her scolding and beating that wretched little

Mona just before he was fully awake, he would have taken her to be a charming young lady, as good-tempered as she was good-looking. But it was a curious fact, which Almion hardly knew what to make of, that whenever she spoke to Mona, her voice had the same harsh and cracked tone that he had noticed when he first talked with her in the market-place, as she sat scooping the dust out of one box into the other. As for Mona, it did not seem likely that she would last much longer. She tottered about as if she were going to fall down from weakness, and her old black gown hung about her in tatters. She had apparently got all the age and infirmity that her mistress had lost.

"Good-morning, Almion dear," said the young lady, smiling at him with her blue eyes and her red lips. "How well and handsome you look after your night's sleep! And you will soon be so rich that nothing short of a princess will be good enough for you. But see what a beautiful garment I am weaving for you—all gold thread and precious stones!"

"Yes, it is very fine," said Almion, looking at the half-finished garment, which was rich, heavy, and glittering. "But it does not look much like a rainbow."

"There is always a difference, Almion dear," replied she, in a soft voice, "between what one imagines in a dream and what one sees in reality. A garment made of a rainbow would not last you ten minutes; it is nothing but a silly fancy; but this that I am making for you is all gems and precious metal, and will last all your life."

"But I saw the princess in my dream," said Almion. "Was she a silly fancy, too?"

"A real princess is better than a dream one," answered the other, nodding with a knowing look. "But, dear me!" she added, turning away, "there is that lazy wretch, Mona, at her tricks again!" And she ran into the kitchen.

"So this it is to be rich and handsome!" said Almion to himself, with a sigh, as he ate his breakfast. "But the real princess—who can she be?" In truth, Almion had begun to have an idea that the real princess was not far off; but for the present he thought it as well to keep his ideas to himself.

(To be concluded.)



THE RHYME FOR TWELFTH.

BY FRANK M. BICKNELL.



ONCE upon a time there was a youth who had never learned a trade, and not knowing what else to do for a living, he resolved to be a poet. So he hung a sign over his door, and sat down in front of his cottage to wait for patrons. But the people of that country were peasants, who knew nothing about poetry, and for many days no one came near him. At last, however, the King drove by and saw his sign. Now, the King was a very stupid person, who knew little enough about any-

thing; yet he had been sufficiently cunning to make his subjects believe he knew everything, and the way he managed it was this: He always took with him, wherever he went, an exceedingly clever young man, and when he needed any information, he would question him as a teacher catechises a pupil who is reciting his lesson. The name of this young man was Koruhl, and he was also called the Catechised.

When the King noticed the poet's sign, he wanted to know its meaning, so he said to the Catechised:

"Attention, Koruhl! What do you see over yonder door?"

"A sign-board bearing the word 'Poet,' sire," answered the Catechised, promptly.

"Very good," said the King, approvingly; "and what does the word 'poet' signify, Koruhl?"

"One who writes poetry, sire."

"Right, Koruhl; right. And now tell me—what do we understand by the term poetry?"

"Poetry, sire, is metrical composition," returned the Catechised, and the King became silent until, noticing that the Catechised seemed to be pondering deeply, he exclaimed:

"Koruhl, what do you suppose I am thinking about?"

"Sire," answered the Catechised, slowly, "you have already a Court Orator, a Court Historian, a Court Story-teller, a Court Riddle-maker, and a Court Jester; perhaps you want to add a Court Poet."

"You have guessed my thoughts, Koruhl," returned the King, much delighted. "Let it be done."

So the poet was taken to the palace, and made Court Poet. He was given a fine apartment, where he might sit and meditate all day long, and everybody who saw him admired him, for he had a pale face, long, fair hair, and large, mournful eyes.

"How handsome and interesting he is!" they all said. "He looks as if he could write beautiful poetry." Yet no one ever knew of his writing a single word.

Every morning, the King sat in his audience chamber, after the fashion of the country, and heard the complaints and settled the disputes that his subjects brought before him; that is to say, this business was attended to with the help of the Catechised, who was always the real judge. One day, after an unusual number of decisions had been rendered, the King said, with a great yawn:

"Perhaps, sire, you are going to bid me send for the Court Poet, and order him to make some verses for you?"

"Exactly, Koruhl," answered the King, much pleased; "let it be done."

The Court Poet being summoned and the King's wishes made known, he bowed low and said:

"On what subject will Your Majesty have me write?"

"Koruhl," demanded the King, "on what subject do poets usually write?"

"On a variety of subjects, sire," answered the Catechised; "though in this case you will doubtless ask for a poem to be read on the twelfth birth-day of the princess, which will occur next month."

The King nodded loftily

• The
Court Physician
was a
learned man •



to the
Court Poet.

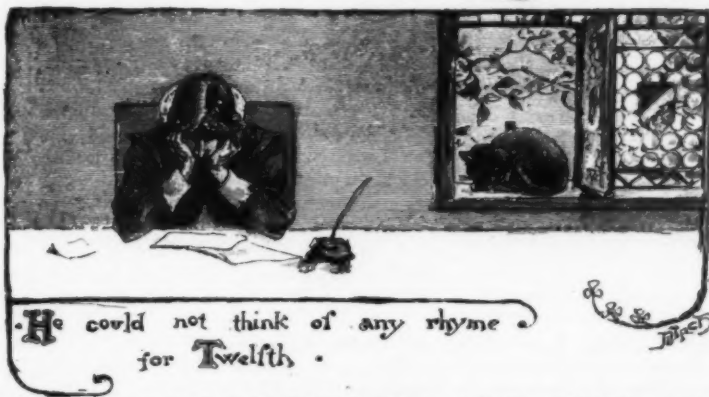
"Such is my will; let it be done."

"Your Majesty is doubtless aware," said the Court Poet, "that poetry is a work

of time, and to be really good must be written in solitude."

"Certainly," returned the King, who would have been ashamed to appear ignorant in the matter; "you may go back to your apartment until the poem is done."

So the Court Poet went to his room and, taking pen and paper, he thought



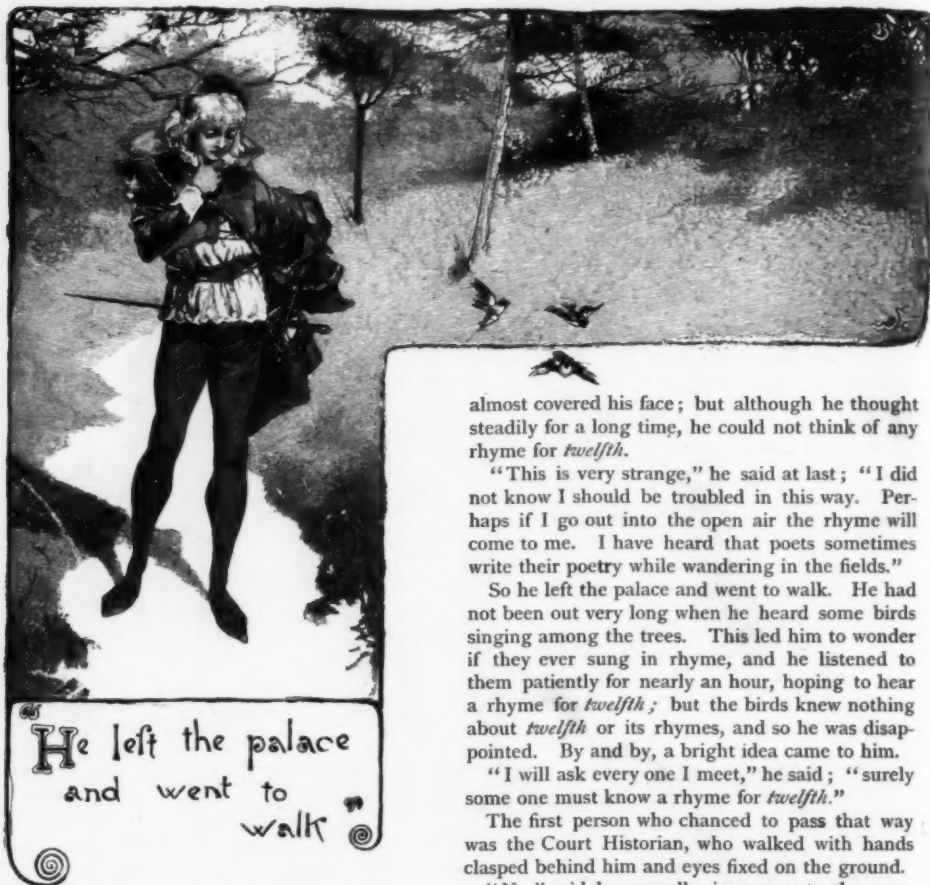
• He could not think of any rhyme •
for Twelfth •

"Koruhl, I am tired, really fatigued, with so much hard thinking; do you happen to know what I am going to do for recreation?"

intently until bed-time; but he wrote nothing whatever. The next day, it was the same; he did not write because he could not think of anything to say.

"If I could only make a beginning," he exclaimed over and over again; but he could not make a beginning, so at length he threw down his

through. I must find a suitable rhyme for *twelfth* before going any farther." He leaned his head on his hands, and his long hair fell down until it



pen and went to the Court Physician for help. The Court Physician was a learned man, and when the Court Poet asked him how he should begin his poem, he answered immediately:

"Oh, that is very simple; your first two lines should be something like this:

"Beautiful little princess, on your birthday—'t is the twelfth—
Permit your loving subjects to inquire about your health."

The Court Poet thanked him and went back to his work, but as he repeated the lines to himself, he noticed that *health* was not a rhyme for *twelfth* at all.

"This will not do," he said; "unless I begin my poem aright, I shall never be able to carry it

almost covered his face; but although he thought steadily for a long time, he could not think of any rhyme for *twelfth*.

"This is very strange," he said at last; "I did not know I should be troubled in this way. Perhaps if I go out into the open air the rhyme will come to me. I have heard that poets sometimes write their poetry while wandering in the fields."

So he left the palace and went to walk. He had not been out very long when he heard some birds singing among the trees. This led him to wonder if they ever sung in rhyme, and he listened to them patiently for nearly an hour, hoping to hear a rhyme for *twelfth*; but the birds knew nothing about *twelfth* or its rhymes, and so he was disappointed. By and by, a bright idea came to him.

"I will ask every one I meet," he said; "surely some one must know a rhyme for *twelfth*."

The first person who chanced to pass that way was the Court Historian, who walked with hands clasped behind him and eyes fixed on the ground.

"No," said he, grandly, in answer to the question of the Court Poet, "history never uses rhymes; they are undignified," and he went his way.

Next came the Court Orator, who held his head very high and waved his hands in air majestically as he rehearsed a speech he was to give that evening at a grand dinner. He would hardly listen to the Court Poet at all.

"Rhyming is a silly amusement, unworthy a great mind," he declared, and also went his way.

Then came the Court Riddle-maker, in a great hurry.

"I am chasing an idea," he said; "do not stop me. I have something else to do beside finding rhymes for other people; I have already too much

trouble with my own duties," and he, too, disappeared.

As the Court Poet cast his eyes about, he saw, sitting on a stone bench under a tree, a man who was weeping bitterly; and when he went toward him he saw he was no other than the Court Jester.

"What is the matter?" he inquired, bending over him.

"Nothing," answered the Court Jester.

"Why do you weep, then?" persisted the Court Poet.

"Because the King has given me a holiday. After I have earned my bread so many years by making jokes and being merry, why may I not now enjoy a few tears undisturbed?"

"Certainly, you may; only tell me first, do you know any rhyme for *twelfth*?"

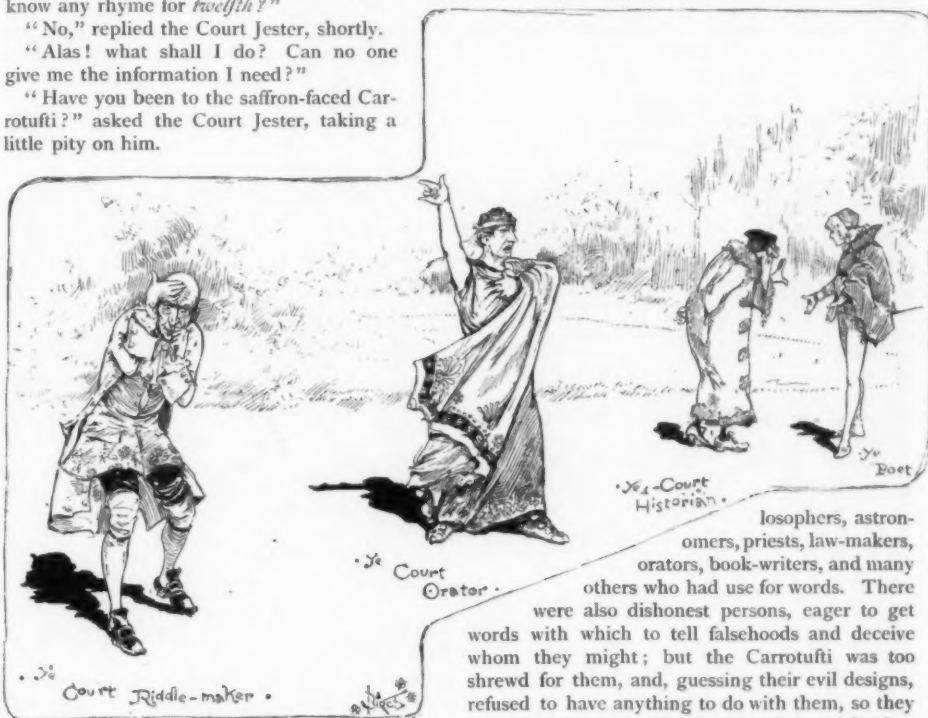
"No," replied the Court Jester, shortly.

"Alas! what shall I do? Can no one give me the information I need?"

"Have you been to the saffron-faced Carrotufti?" asked the Court Jester, taking a little pity on him.

"In the lower left-hand corner of the Kingdom of Kandalabara, in a stone house."

The Court Poet thanked the Court Jester (who immediately resumed his weeping just where he had left it off) and set out for the house of the saffron-faced Carrotufti, where he arrived in about five days. This house was very large; for although only the Carrotufti lived in it, he had so many words, letters, figures, and other useful and curious things, that a great deal of room was necessary to hold them. The Carrotufti was a very old person with bright yellow skin and a long white beard, and he wore a green gown, a pair of immense round-eyed spectacles, and a pointed cap. He was exceedingly busy when the Court Poet entered his house, for there were, waiting to be served, phi-



"No, I have not," returned the Court Poet, brightening. "Who is he?"

"Do you not know?" asked the Court Jester, in surprise. "He is the wisest man in the world and he deals in language. He has a collection of many thousand words, from which he sells to those who want to buy. If there are any rhymes for *twelfth* he will surely have them."

"Can you tell me where he lives?"

losophers, astronomers, priests, law-makers, orators, book-writers, and many others who had use for words. There were also dishonest persons, eager to get words with which to tell falsehoods and deceive whom they might; but the Carrotufti was too shrewd for them, and, guessing their evil designs, refused to have anything to do with them, so they were forced to get along with what words they could beg or steal from the others.

As each one made known his needs, the Carrotufti went to something that looked like a large book set up on end, and, turning one or another of its huge leaves, selected from among the little cases or drawers with which it was filled the letters, words, or figures required, laid them on the counter, and took payment according to their value.

By and by, when it was the Court Poet's turn to

be waited upon, the Carrotufti nodded for him to make known his wants.

"Sir," said the Court Poet, "I have come a long distance to learn whether you have any rhymes for *twelfth*."

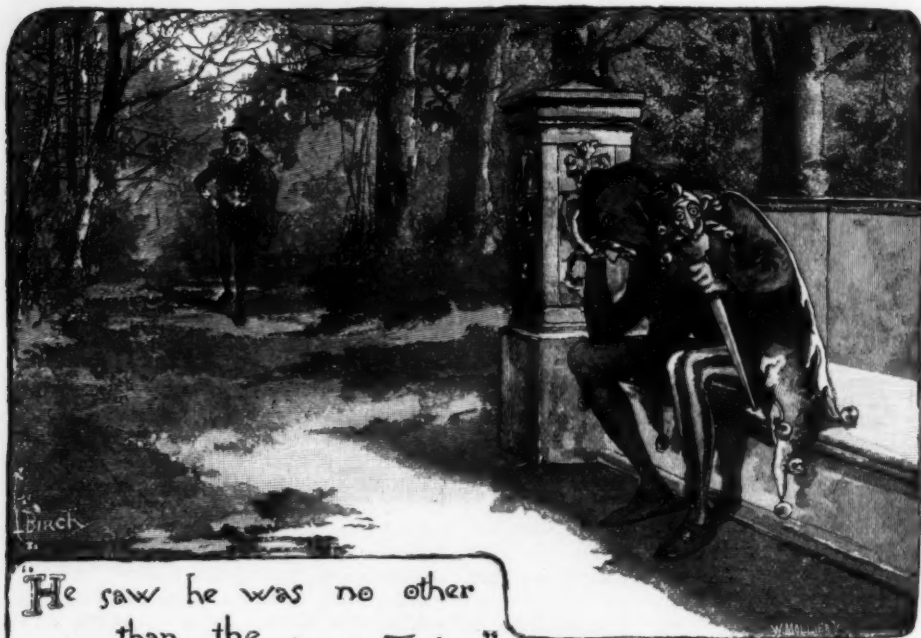
The Carrotufti shook his head. "There is but one rhyme for *twelfth* in the whole world, and that I sold a hundred years ago, to be used at the coronation of our good king, Sharlos Twelfth. Perhaps the rhyme is still in the royal treasury, and the young queen who is now reigning may be willing to let you have it. You might go to the palace and see her."

The Court Poet thanked the saffron-faced Carrotufti for his information, and, having taken his leave, set out for the royal palace, which he reached in something less than two days. The Queen, who was young and very beautiful, received him graciously, and directed that he should be lodged in a splendid guest-chamber and presented with a fine new suit of clothes, for his own were worn and travel-stained. After he had rested and refreshed himself he came into the Queen's pres-

her for several hours. When he asked her about the rhyme for *twelfth*, and told her why he wanted it, she hesitated before answering, for she thought to herself:

"Although I have the rhyme among my treasures, I must not give it to him at once, lest, when he has it in his hands, he may leave me and return to his own country, which must not be, for one does not every day encounter a young man so beautiful to behold, so agreeable to converse with, and also a poet." So she presently said to him carelessly: "I think the rhyme you seek is somewhere about the palace, though I don't know exactly where. It has long been out of style, and is so cumbrous I have made no use of it whatever; therefore, I fear it has not been well taken care of, and the letters may be scattered from one end of the house to the other. I will order a search, and if it can be found you shall have it. Meanwhile, tarry with us, and I will take care that time shall pass pleasantly with you."

The Court Poet was very glad to stay and be entertained by the Queen, who, on the first day,



He saw he was no other
than the Court Jester"

ence, looking so noble and handsome in his elegant apparel that she fell in love with him straightway, and made him sit down at her side and talk with

ordered a great dinner to be prepared, and invited a brilliant company, who treated the Court Poet as if he had been a prince. At night, after this feasting had been brought to an end, the Lord Chamberlain came before the Queen and the

Court Poet to make his report. He informed them that a strict search had been made through one wing of the palace, and the last letter of the rhyme for *twelfth* had been found in an old book of songs on a stone table in one of the tower chambers. Hethen presented the letter to the Queen, who gave it to the Court Poet, who, for safe keeping, strung it on a silken cord which he put about his neck.

On the morrow, the Queen again called together a great many illustrious people and made a grand chase, to which the Court Poet rode at her side, mounted on a cream-yellow horse, and armed with a costly hunting-knife having three large diamonds in the hilt. When they returned to the palace, the Lord Chamberlain appeared as before, to say that the servants had hunted carefully through another part of the palace, and had found the next to the last letter of the rhyme for *twelfth* in a cookery book hanging on the wall near the great fire-place in the kitchen. This letter he also laid before the Queen, who handed it to the Court Poet, who put it on the silken cord with the other.

The next day, there was a grand tournament, and the next a series of games such as were peculiar to that country. Then the Queen gave a splendid ball, at which she would dance only with the Court Poet, although many nobles, and even princes, sought her as a partner.

And so each day was spent in some kind of festivity, and each night the Lord Chamberlain brought another letter of the rhyme for *twelfth*, until all but one had been given into the hands of the Court Poet and strung on the cord about his neck. This, the first and most important, the Lord Chamberlain declared, could not be found; whereupon the Queen

pretended to be vexed, and ordered a continual search to be made, not only in and about the palace, but throughout the kingdom, until the missing



letter should be brought to light. Meantime, she tried, by filling each day with new pleasures, to make the Court Poet's life the most agreeable that could be imagined, and to remove from his heart all desire for a return into his own country.

But, although much gratified by the attentions shown him, he could not forget that his poem was unfinished and the birthday of the little princess was approaching; so, when the Lord Chamberlain had announced for the tenth time that

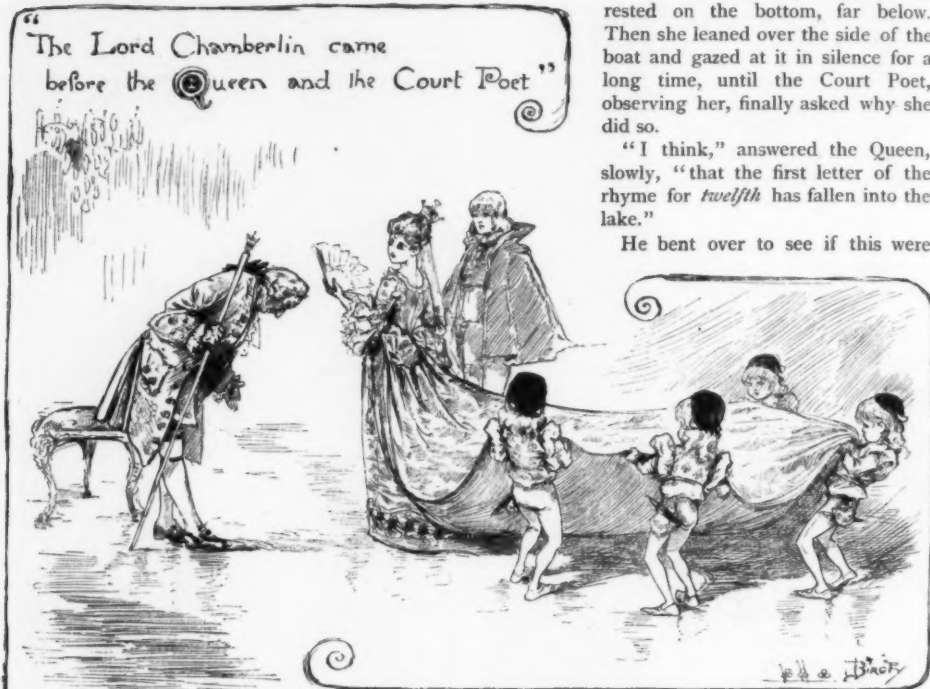
nothing had been found during the day, he addressed the Queen thus:

"Your Majesty, since your servants are unable to

was very deep and very clear, she took from her pocket the missing first letter of the rhyme for *twelfth* and secretly dropped it into the water, where it immediately sank until it rested on the bottom, far below. Then she leaned over the side of the boat and gazed at it in silence for a long time, until the Court Poet, observing her, finally asked why she did so.

"I think," answered the Queen, slowly, "that the first letter of the rhyme for *twelfth* has fallen into the lake."

He bent over to see if this were



find the letter needed to complete the rhyme for *twelfth*, I am of the opinion that it must certainly have been stolen and carried out of Your Majesty's dominions. Therefore, I pray you, permit me to express my devout gratitude for all Your Majesty's gracious kindnesses,—and now to go away into the world in quest of the missing letter."

At hearing these words, the Queen was very sad, for she could think of no excuse for denying his request, and she perceived he was unwilling to be detained any longer; nevertheless, she besought him to remain one more day, promising that, if the letter were not then found, she would suffer him to depart.

So he staid, and she tried to think of a plan whereby she might forever prevent him from leaving her domains. By and by, she decided how to act, and when the sun began to go down in the western sky, she invited him to take a sail with her on a beautiful lake lying in front of the palace. When they were in the middle of this lake, which

true, and as he looked down into the water, she seized a pair of scissors which she had concealed and quickly cut the silken cord on which all the other letters were hanging, so that they also fell into the lake and sank to the bottom.

At this accident—for such he thought it—the Court Poet was much dismayed, and wrung his hands with grief.

"What shall I do!" he exclaimed. "Now all are lost. I never can finish my poem without the rhyme for *twelfth*, which an unhappy mischance has now made it impossible for me ever to obtain, and I shall not dare go back to the King, who will be very angry with me, and will doubtless order me to be put to death at once. What shall I do to 'escape my fate!'"

Then the Queen looked at him kindly, and said, in her most gracious tones:

"Do not lament; why need you go back at all? Is not my country as beautiful as yours? Is not my palace as splendid as your King's? Is not my kingdom as grand and large as his? My people

have asked me to choose a husband, but I have never until now cared to make a choice, for I have sworn I will wed none but a poet. But you are a great poet; can you not stay with me and share my possessions?"

It is not every one to whom is made an offer so fine as this. The Court Poet did not hesitate long before accepting it.

"Madam," he returned, "the honor and the happiness are beyond my deserts; but to me your wishes are commands, and obedience to you is always a pleasure."

So they were married, and the Court Poet became King. He never again tried to write any poetry; the ill success of his first attempt had completely discouraged him, and, besides, he had not time for rhyming, with the affairs of a great kingdom to look after.

As for the birthday of the little princess, it came and went without any poem whatever; for the rhyme for *twelfth* lay out of reach hundreds and hundreds of feet below the surface of the lovely lake, where, if this story be true, it doubtless lies to this day.

A LULLABY.

BY MARY A. LATHBURY.



CAT'S-CRADLE.



"It's criss-cross high, and it's criss-cross flat;
Then four straight lines for the pussy cat;
Then criss-cross under; ah, now there'll be
A nice deep cradle, dear Grandpa! See!

"Now change again, and it's flat once more—
A lattice-window! But where's the door?
Why, change once more, and, holding it so,
We can have a very good door, you know.

"Now over, now under, now pull it tight;
See-saw, Grandpa!—exactly right!"
So prattled the little one, Grandfather's pet,
As deftly she wrought. "See, now it's a net!

"But where did you learn cat's-cradle so well?"
She suddenly asked; and he could not tell.
He could not tell, for his heart was sore,
As he gravely said, "I have played it before."

What could the sweet little maiden know
Of beautiful summers long ago?
Of the merry sports, and the games he played,
When "Mamma," herself, was a little maid?

What could she know of the thoughts that ran
Through the weary brain of the world-worn man?
But she knew, when she kissed him, dear
Grandpa smiled,
And that was enough for the happy child.

TALES OF TWO CONTINENTS.

BY HJALMAR HJORTH BOYSEN.

FIRST STORY—MAGNIE'S DANGEROUS RIDE.

MAGNIE was consumed with the hunting fever. He had been away to school since he was ten years old, and had never had the chance of doing anything remarkable. While his brother, Olaf, who was a midshipman in the navy, roamed about the world, and had delightful adventures with Turks and Arabs, and all sorts of outlandish peoples, Magnie had to scan Virgil and Horace and torment his soul with algebraic problems. It was not at all the kind of life he had sketched out for himself, and if it had not been his father who had imposed it upon him, he would have broken away from all restraints and gone to Turkey or China, or some place where exciting things happened. In the meanwhile, as he lacked money for such an enterprise, he would content himself with whatever excitement there was in hunting, and as his brothers, Olaf and little Edwin (who was fourteen years old), were also at home for the vacation, there was a prospect of many delightful expeditions by sea and by land. Moreover, their old friend, Grim Hering-Luck, who was their father's right-hand man, had promised to be at their disposal and put them on the track of exciting experiences. They had got each a gun, and had practiced shooting at a mark daily since their return from the city. Magnie, or Magnus Birk as his real name was, had once (though Olaf stoutly maintained that it was mere chance) hit the bull's-eye at a hundred yards, and he was now eager to show his skill on something more valuable than a painted target. It was, therefore, decided that Grim and the boys should go reindeer hunting. They were to be accompanied by the professional hunter, Bjarne Sheepskin.

It was a glorious morning. The rays of the sun shot from the glacier peaks in long radiant shafts down into the valley. The calm mirror of the fiord glittered in the light and fairly dazzled the eye, and the sea-birds drifted in noisy companies about the jutting crags, plunged headlong into the sea, and scattered the spray high into the air. The blue smoke rose perpendicularly from the chimneys of the fishermen's cottages along the beach, and the housewives, still drowsy with sleep, came out, rubbed their eyes and looked toward the sun to judge of the hour. One boat after another was pushed out upon the water, and the ripples in their wakes spread in long diverging lines toward either shore. The fish leaped in the sun, heedless of the

gulls which sailed in wide circles under the sky, keeping a sharp lookout for the movements of the finny tribe. The three boys could only stand and gaze in dumb astonishment upon the splendid sights which the combined heavens, earth, and sea afforded. Their father, who was much pleased with their determination and enterprise, had readily given his consent to the reindeer hunt, on condition that Grim should take command and be responsible for their safety. They were now mounted upon three sturdy ponies, while their provisions, guns, and other commodities were packed upon a fourth beast—a shaggy little monster named Bruno, who looked more like a hornless goat than a horse. Bjarné Sheepskin, a long, round-shouldered fellow, with a pair of small, lively eyes, was leading this heavily laden Bruno by the bridle, and the little caravan, being once set in motion, climbed the steep slopes toward the mountains with much persistence and dexterity. The ponies, which had been especially trained for mountain climbing, planted their hoofs upon the slippery rocks with a precision which was wonderful to behold, jumped from stone to stone, slipped, scrambled up and down, but never fell. As they entered the pine forest, where the huge trunks grew in long, dark colonnades, letting in here and there stray patches of sunshine, partridges and ptarmigan often started under the very noses of the horses, and Magnie clamored loudly for his gun, and grew quite angry with Bjarne, who would allow "no fooling with tomtits and chipmunks, when they were in search of big game." Even hares were permitted to go unmolested; and it was not until a fine caper-cailzie* cock tumbled out of the underbrush close to the path, that Bjarne flung his gun to his cheek and fired. The caper-cailzie made a somersault in the air, and the feathers flew about it as it fell. Bjarne picked it up quietly, tied its legs together, and hung it on the pommel of Edwin's saddle. "That will make a dinner for gentlefolks," he said, "if the dairy-maids up on the *sacters* should happen to have nothing in the larder."

Gradually, as they mounted higher, the trees became more stunted in their growth, and the whole character of the vegetation changed. The low dwarf-birch stretched its long, twisted branches along the earth, the silvery-white reindeer-moss clothed in patches the barren ground, and a few shivering alpine plants lifted their pale, pink

flowers out of the general desolation. As they reached the ridge of the lower mountain range, the boys saw before them a scene the magnificence of which nearly took their breath away. Before them lay a wide mountain plain, in the bottom of which two connected lakes lay coldly glittering. Round about, the plain was settled with rude little log-houses, the so-called *sæters*, or mountain dairies, where the Norse peasants spend their brief summers, pasturing their cattle.

They started at a lively trot down the slope toward this highland plain, intending to reach the Hasselrud *sæter*, where they expected to spend the night; for it was already several hours past noon, and there could be no thought of hunting reindeer so late in the day. Judging by appearances, the boys concluded that fifteen or twenty minutes would bring them to the *sæter*; but they rode on for nearly two hours, and always the cottages seemed to recede, and the distance showed no signs of diminishing. They did not know how deceptive all distances are in this wondrously clear mountain air, whose bright transparency is undimmed by the dust and exhalations of the lower regions of the earth. They would scarcely have believed that those huge glacier peaks, which seemed to be looming up above their very heads, were some eight to twelve miles away, and that the eagle which soared above their heads was far beyond the range of their rifles.

It was about five o'clock when they rode in upon the *sæter* green, where the dairy-maids were alternately blowing their horns and yodeling. Their long flaxen braids hung down their backs, and their tight-fitting scarlet bodices and white sleeves gave them a picturesque appearance. The cattle were lowing against the sky, answering the call of the horn. The bells of cows, goats, and sheep were jangled in harmonious confusion; and the noise of the bellowing bulls, the bleating sheep, and the neighing horses was heard from all sides over the wide plain.

The three brothers were received with great cordiality by the maids, and they spent the evening, after the supper was finished, in listening to marvelous stories about the ogres who inhabited the mountains, and the hunting adventures with which Bjarne Sheepskin's life had been crowded, and which he related with a sportsman's usual exaggeration. The beds in one of the *sæter* cottages were given up to the boys, and they slept peacefully until about four o'clock in the morning, when Grim aroused them and told them that everything was ready for their departure. They swallowed their breakfast hastily and started in excited silence across the plateau. Edwin and the horses they left behind in charge of the dairy-maids, but took

with them a shepherd dog who had some good blood in him, and had a finer scent than his sedate behavior and the shape of his nose would have led one to suppose.

Light clouds hovered under the sky; the mist lay like a white sheet over the mountain, and drifted in patches across the plain. Bjarne and Grim were carrying the guns, while Olaf led the dog, and Magnus trotted briskly along, stooping every now and then to examine every unfamiliar object that came in his way. The wind blew toward them, so that there was no chance that their scent could betray them, in case there were herds of deer toward the north at the base of the glaciers. They had not walked very far, when Bjarne put his hand to his lips and stooped down to examine the ground. The dog lifted his nose and began to sniff the air, wag his tail, and whine impatiently.

"Hush, Yutul," whispered Bjarne; "down! down, and keep still!"

The dog crouched down obediently and held his peace.

"Here is a fresh track," the hunter went on, pointing to a hardly perceptible depression in the moss. "There has been a large herd here—one buck and at least a dozen cows. Look, here is a stalk that has just been bitten off, and the juice is not dry yet."

"How long do you think it will be before we shall meet them?" asked Magnus, breathlessly. The hunting-fever was throbbing in his veins, and he crawled cautiously among the boulders with his rifle cocked.

"Could n't tell; may be an hour, may be three. Hand me your field-glass, Lieutenant, and I will see if I can catch sight of 'em. A gray beast is n't easily seen agin the gray stone. It was fer the same reason I wanted ye to wear gray clothes; we don't want to give the game any advantage, fer the sentinels be allers on the lookout fer the herd, and at the least bit of unfamiliar color, they give their warnin' snort, and off starts the flock, scudding away like a drift of mist before the wind."

Crouching down among the lichen-clad rocks, all listened in eager expectation.

"Down!" commanded Bjarne, "and cock rifles! A pair of antlers agin the snow! That's all. Don't anybody rise so as to show agin the sky. Hallo! it is as I thought—a big herd. One, two, three—five—seven—ten—fourteen! One stunnin' buck, worth his forty dollars, at least. Now follow me slowly. Look out for your guns! You, Grim, keep the dog muzzled."

The boys strained their eyes above the edge of the stones, but could see nothing. Their hearts hammered against their sides, and the blood throbbed in their temples. As far as their eyes

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could reach, they saw only the gray waste of bowlders, interrupted here and there by patches of snow or a white glacier-stream, which plunged wildly over a precipice, while a hovering smoke indicated

denly stretched himself flat upon the ground, and the others, though seeing no occasion for such a maneuver, promptly followed his example. But the next moment enlightened them. Looming up

against the white snow, some sixty or a hundred feet from them, they saw a magnificent pair of antlers, and presently the whole body of a proud animal was distinctly visible against the glacier. In the ravine below, a dozen or more cows with their calves were nibbling the moss between the stones, but with great deliberateness, lifting their heads every minute and snuffing the air suspiciously; they presently climbed up on the hard snow and began a frolic, the like of which the boys had never seen before. The great buck raised himself on his hind-legs, shook his head, and made a leap, kicking the snow about him with great vehemence. Several of the cows took this as an invitation for a general jollification, and they began to frisk about, kicking their heels against the sky and shaking their heads, not with the wanton grace of their chief, but with half-pathetic attempts at imitation. This, Magnus thought, was evidently a reindeer ball; and very sensible they were to have it early in the morning, when they felt gay and frisky, rather than in the night, when they ought to be asleep. What troubled him, however, was that Bjarne did not shoot; he himself did not venture to send a bullet into the big buck, although it seemed to him he had an excellent aim. The slightest turn in the wind would inevitably betray them, and then they would have had all their toil for nothing. He would have liked to suggest this to Bjarne; but in order to do this, he would have to overtake him, and Bjarne was still wriggling himself cautiously forward among the stones, pushing himself on with his elbows, as a seal does with his flippers. In his eagerness to impart his counsel to Bjarne, Magnus began to move more rapidly; raising himself on his knees, he quite inadvertently showed his curly head above a bowlder. The buck lifted his superb head with a snort, and with incredible speed the whole herd galloped away; but in the same moment two bullets whistled after them, and the buck fell flat upon the snow. The cow



"PRESENTLY THE WHOLE BODY OF A PROUD ANIMAL WAS DISTINCTLY VISIBLE AGAINST THE GLACIER."

its further progress through the plain. Nevertheless, trusting the experience of their leader, they made no remark, but crept after him, choosing, like him, every available stone for cover. After half an hour of this laborious exercise, Bjarne sud-

denly had stood nearest to him reared on her hind-legs, made a great leap, and plunged headlong down among the stones. With a wild war-whoop, the boys jumped up, and Magnus, who had come near ruining the whole sport, seized, in

order to make up for his mishap, a long hunting-knife and rushed forward to give the buck the *coup de grace*,* in accordance with the rules of the chase.

thing was being done by his companions for his rescue. But he could see nothing except a great expanse of gray and white lines, which ran into



"MAGNIE INSTINCTIVELY SEIZED ONE OF THE REINDEER'S HORNS TO KEEP FROM FALLING."

Bounding forward with reckless disregard of all obstacles, he was the first down on the snow. In one instant he was astride of the animal, and had just raised his knife, when up leaped the buck and tore away along the edge of the snow like a gust of wind. The long-range shot, hitting him in the head, had only stunned him, but had not penetrated the skull. And, what was worse, in his bewilderment at the unexpected maneuver, Magnus dropped his knife, seizing instinctively the horns of the reindeer to keep from falling. Away they went with a terrific, dizzying speed. The frightened boy clung convulsively to the great antlers; if he should fall off, his head would be crushed against the bowlders. The cold glacier-wind whistled in his ears, and stung his face like a multitude of tiny needles. He had to turn his head in order to catch his breath; and he strained his eyes to see if any-

each other and climbed and undulated toward him and sloped away, but seemed associated with no tangible object. He thought, for a moment, that he saw Grim Hering-Luck aiming his gun, but he seemed to be up in the sky, and to be growing huger and huger until he looked more like a fantastic cloud than a man. The thought suddenly struck him that he might be fainting, and it sent a thrill of horror through him. With a vehement effort he mastered his fear and resolved that, whatever happened, he would not give way to weakness. If he was to lose his life, he would, at all events, make a hard fight for it; it was, on the whole, quite a valuable life, he concluded, and he did not mean to sell it cheaply.

Troubling himself little about the direction his steed was taking, he shut his eyes, and began to meditate upon his chances of escape; and after

* The finishing stroke.

some minutes, he was forced to admit that they seemed very slim. When the buck should have exhausted his strength, as in the course of time he must, he would leave his rider somewhere in this vast trackless wilderness, where the biting wind swept down from the eternal peaks of ice, where wolves roamed about in great hungry companies, and where, beside them, the reindeer and the ptarmigan were the only living things amid the universal desolation. When he opened his eyes again, Magnus discovered that the buck had overtaken the fleeing herd, which, however, were tearing away madly at his approach, being evidently frightened at the sight and the scent of the unfamiliar rider. The animal was still galloping on, though with a less dizzying rapidity, and Magnus could distinguish the general outline of the objects which seemed to be rushing against him, as if running a race in the opposite direction. The herd were evidently seeking safety in the upper glacier region, where no foot less light and swift than their own could find safety among the terrible ravines and crevasses.

Fully an hour had passed, possibly two, and it seemed vain to attempt to measure the distance which he had passed over in this time. At all events, the region did not present one familiar object, and of Olaf and his companions Magnie saw no trace. The only question was, what chance had they of finding him, if they undertook to search for him as, of course, they would. If he could only leave some sign or mark by which they might know the direction he had taken, their search might perhaps be rewarded with success. He put one hand in his pocket, but could find nothing that he could spare except a red silk handkerchief. That had the advantage of being bright, and would be sure to attract attention. The dog would be likely to detect it or to catch the scent of it. But he must have something heavy to tie up in the handkerchief, or it might blow "all over creation." The only thing he could find was a silver match-box which he had obtained by a trade with Olaf, and which bore the latter's initials. He carefully emptied it, and put the matches (which he foresaw might prove useful) in his vest pocket; then tied up the box securely and dropped it, with the handkerchief, upon a conspicuous rock, where its bright color might appear striking and unnatural.

He was just on the ridge of what proved to be a second and higher mountain plateau, the wild grandeur of which far transcended that of the first. Before him lay a large sheet of water of a cool green tint, and so clear that the bottom was visible as far as the eye could reach. A river had made its way from the end of this lake and plunged, in a series of short cataracts, down the slope to the lower plain.

It made Magnus shiver with dread to look at this coldly glittering surface, and what was his horror when suddenly his reindeer, in his pursuit of the herd, which were already in the water, rushed in, and began with loud snorts to swim across to the further shore! This was an unforeseen stratagem which extinguished his last hope of rescue; for how could Bjarne track him through the water, and what means would he find of crossing, in case he should guess that the herd had



"HE CLIMBED UP ON THE GREAT ANTLERS, STEADYING HIMSELF CAREFULLY."

played this dangerous trick on him? He began to dread also that the endurance of the buck would be exhausted before he reached dry land again, and that they might both perish miserably in the lake. In this horrible distress, nothing occurred to him

except to whisper the Lord's Prayer; but as his terror increased, his voice grew louder and louder, until he fairly shouted the words, "And deliver us from evil," and the echoes from the vast solitudes repeated first clearly and loudly, then with fainter and fainter accents: "And deliver us from evil—and deliver us from evil." His despairing voice rang strangely under the great empty sky, and rumbled away among the glaciers, which flung it back and forth until it died away in the blue distance. It was as if the vast silent wilderness, startled at the sound of a human voice, were wonderingly repeating the strange and solemn words.

A vague sense of security stole over him when he had finished his prayer. But the chill of the icy water had nearly benumbed his limbs, and he feared that the loss of heat would conquer his will, and make him unconscious before the buck should reach the shore. He felt distinctly his strength ebbing away, and he knew of nothing that he could do to save himself. Then suddenly a daring thought flashed through his brain. With slow and cautious movements he drew his legs out of the water, and, standing for a moment erect on the buck's back, he crawled along his neck and climbed up on the great antlers, steadying himself carefully and clinging with all his might. His only fear was that the animal would shake him off and send him headlong into the icy bath from which he was endeavoring to escape. But, after two futile efforts, during which the boy had held on only by desperate exertion, the buck would probably have resigned himself to his fate, if he had not been in imminent danger of drowning. Magnus was, therefore, much against his will, forced to dip his limbs into the chilly water, and resume his former position. It was a strange spectacle, to see all the horned heads round about sticking out of the water, and Magnus, though he had always had a thirst for adventures, had never expected to find himself in such an incredible situation. Fortunately, they were now approaching the shore, and whatever comfort there was in having *terra firma* under his feet would not be wanting to him. The last minutes were indeed terribly long, and again and again the buck, overcome with fatigue, dipped his nose under the water, only to raise it again with a snort, and shake his head as if impatient to rid himself of his burden. But the boy, with a spark of reviving hope, clung only the more tenaciously to the antlers, and remained unmoved.

At last,—and it seemed a small eternity since

he had left his brother and companions,—Magnus saw the herd scramble up on the stony beach, and the buck he rode was soon among the foremost, and, having reached the land, shook his great body and snorted violently.

"Now's my chance," thought Magnus, "now I can slide off into the snow before he takes to his heels again."

But, odd as it may seem, he had a reluctance to part company with the only living creature (except the wolves) that inhabited this awful desert. There was a vague chance of keeping from freezing to death as long as he clung to the large, warm animal; while, seated alone upon this bleak shore, with his clothes wringing wet, and the cold breath of the glacier sweeping down upon him, he would die slowly and miserably with hunger and cold. He was just contemplating this prospect, seeing himself in spirit lying dead upon the shore of the lake, and picturing to himself the grief of his brother and father, when suddenly his glance was arrested by what seemed a faint column of smoke rising from among the bowlders. The herd of reindeer had evidently made the same discovery, for they paused, in a startled manner, and wheeled about toward the easterly shore, past which a branch of the glacier was pushing downward into the lower fiord-valley.

Magnie, who had by this time made up his mind not to give up his present place except for a better one, strained his eye in the opposite direction, to make sure that he was not deceived; and having satisfied himself that what he saw was really smoke, he determined to leap from his seat at the very first opportunity. But as yet the speed of the buck made such a venture unsafe. With every step, however, the territory was becoming more irregular, and made the progress even of a reindeer difficult.

Magnus drew up his feet, and was about to slide off, having planned to drop with as slight a shock as possible upon a flat moss-grown rock, when, to his utter amazement, he saw a human figure standing at the edge of the glacier, and aiming a rifle, as it appeared, straight at his head. He tried to scream, but terror choked his voice. He could not bring forth a sound. And before even the thought had taken shape in his bewildered brain he saw a flash, and heard the report of a shot which rumbled away with tremendous reverberations among the glaciers. There was a surging sound in his ears, and strange lights danced before his eyes. He thought he must be dead.

(Concluded next month.)

THE PRINCE OF NAPLES AND HIS PALACE.

BY OLIVE MAY EAGER.



THE PRINCE OF NAPLES. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY D'ALLESANDRI BROTHERS, PHOTOGRAPHERS TO THE ROYAL FAMILY OF ITALY.)

ALL boys and girls who have read recent Italian history are familiar with the name of Victor Emmanuel, who united the various states of Italy into one kingdom. As the Italians had long been hoping and praying for this union, they naturally regarded Victor Emmanuel as the savior of their country, and were much grieved when he died, in 1878. His son Humbert succeeded him on the throne, and he in time will be followed by his only

son, the Prince of Naples, this title corresponding in Italy to the title of Prince of Wales in England.

The little Prince bears his grandfather's name, Victor Emmanuel, and was born November 11, 1869, in Naples, probably the most beautiful city of the whole world. Should the Prince marry before he becomes king, he will live in the royal palace of Naples, which is built overlooking the lovely bay, and in full view of Vesuvius, with its

undying volcanic fires and streams of smoke. As I walked through the large palace, passing *suite* after *suite* of elegantly furnished rooms, I thought of the boyish owner, and wondered if he feels very haughty and proud as he gazes upon his possessions. In the center of the superb dining-room stands an ornamental cradle presented at his birth by the city of Naples.

Adjoining one end of the palace is the theater of San Carlo, which has an interesting story. When Charles III. was King of Naples, he issued orders for the most magnificent theater of Europe to be built in the shortest time possible. Angelo Carasale, a Neapolitan architect, offered to complete it in three months, and by great effort and energy actually did so. On the opening night, the King sent for the architect to come to the royal balcony, and there publicly commended his work, adding that only one thing was lacking, and that was a private door and stair-case leading from the palace into the theater for the use of the royal family. The architect bowed low, and retired that the play might begin. When the play was finished, the architect again appeared before the King, saying, "Your Majesty's wish is accomplished," and preceded the astonished monarch to a private entrance in one end of the theater. In the three hours that the acting had engaged the King's attention, the untiring architect had collected his workmen, and by almost superhuman effort had completed his task. He had torn down partitions and laid huge logs of wood for a stairway; but elegant velvet carpets and beautiful curtains concealed the rough floors and defaced walls, while a skillful arrangement of handsome mirrors and chandeliers produced a magical effect, and made the whole seem the work of fairy hands. Afterward, the entrance was properly finished, and last summer I walked from the palace through this private door, and stood in the royal balcony where the King had received the architect nearly one hundred and fifty years before. I trust the Prince of Naples will profit by this monument of energy and perseverance which he has continually before him in his own palace.

The young Prince spends his winters in Rome,

and may be often seen driving on the Corso, the main street of the city. Were it not for the bright scarlet livery of the coachmen, a stranger would not notice particularly the neatly and quietly dressed boy, driving with a middle-aged gentleman. But the Romans all know and love the boyish face, raising their hats politely as the carriage passes, while the *principino* (little prince), as they call him, gracefully bows in acknowledgment of their courtesy. He is a fine, manly little fellow, and is being trained with the care and attention that his rank deserves. He has the best masters that it is possible to procure, and they instruct him in various branches of study.

At rare intervals he is seen driving with his mother, the beautiful and beloved Queen Margaret; but he is usually accompanied by his private tutor, a cultured and educated man, whose chief thought is to interest his young charge and improve his mind. They often drive by in earnest conversation, the Prince evidently asking questions about something he has seen in passing, and the tutor giving him all the information in his power. I am sure this gentleman is fully sensible of the great responsibility resting upon him, for upon him more than any other man depends the character of the next king of Italy, who will have grave matters to decide and momentous questions to settle. Judging from his face, I feel equally sure that the *principino* himself thinks seriously of the importance of improving the present, in order that he may know how to rule his people with judgment and wisdom.

I give the following incident as it was related to me by the personal friend of an English peeress who was in the habit of attending the court receptions. She was at a private reception of the Queen, when the *principino* came into the room and gave her a kiss of greeting. His mother told him it was rude not to ask permission to kiss a lady. The boy replied archly, "Ah, Mother, *English* ladies like to be kissed."

I conclude this short sketch with two items that may interest you. The Prince of Naples speaks the English language very well, and is also a constant reader of ST. NICHOLAS.



THE BIRDS AT MONKSTOWN CASTLE.

BY MRS. S. M. B. PIATT.



MONKSTOWN CASTLE, IRELAND. (DRAWN BY HARRY FENN, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY M. JENKINS & SON.)

I KNOW a ruin on a hill—
Like other ruins it may be,
It must be tired of standing still
And always looking at the sea.

So old that I am young by it,
It tells me tales of monk and knight—
Tales that no chronicler hath writ,
Just as my great-grandmother might.

It likes to talk of silken train,
Of jeweled sword and plumed head,
And quite forgets how low the rain
Has beaten down its courtly dead.

It told me, with a gracious air,
About Elizabeth's best gown;
But when I spoke of her red hair
And painted nose, I saw it frown!

It has invited me to sit
Till after dark. But then it's clear—
Somehow—oh, I don't care a whit
For Things you can not see nor hear.

But, children, though this ruin might
Not be the place to sleep, you see,
At morning it's the prettiest sight
In all this pretty world to me.

For when, like one that's slept too long,
The sudden sun before me springs,
Ivy and stone break into song
And hall and battlement take wings!

The lords of earth lie still down there;
They have their night who had their day.
See, in their place the lords of air
Make merry with their honors gray;

From mullioned windows they peep out,
In families or in lover-pairs;
On the high walls they walk about
And chatter of their sweet affairs.

Sir Something, gone from grave-yard fame,
God rest you under flower and dew!

The wind has blown away your name,
But, in my heart, I reverence you.

Oh, you were good to build (too good
For me to set your praise to words)
So brave a castle by the wood
To be the happy home of birds!



BY TUDOR JENKS.

A LAZY magician, tired of work, left Damascus and went into a sandy desert, seeking quiet and solitude. Finding a lonely place, he filled his pipe, and, after smoking it out, fell fast asleep.

An indolent wizard, looking for rest, came riding across the desert upon a magic camel, which he had made out of an old rug that morning, and, not seeing the sleeping magician, ran over him.

Now, magical creations can not touch magicians without vanishing. So the wizard's camel vanished, the wizard fell plump down on top of the magician, and the baggage which the camel carried was scattered on the sand.

The wizard was the first to collect his senses, and asked, in a fierce voice: "Where is my camel?"

The magician replied, with some anger: "Don't you think you'd better ask some one who was awake while your camel was getting away?"

"You are the only man I have met in this desert," replied the wizard.

"Perhaps," resumed the magician, "your camel may have climbed one of the trees with which you see the desert is covered; if you think I've got him, you can search me."

"I made that camel only this morning," said the wizard, complainingly.

"You are then a magician?" asked the other.

"No; I'm only a wizard," replied the first.

"Well, I'm a magician, and I should think you would know better than to drive your camel up against me."

"It was careless, I admit," replied the wizard. "But let that go; I can make another. I hope I did n't hurt you?"

"Oh! not at all; I was lying down there on purpose; that is why I came to the desert, where there are so many passing," remarked the magician, rubbing his side.

"I can not regret an accident which brings me so agreeable a companion," replied the wizard, with a low bow.

"I'm sorry to have lost my temper," said the magician, more good naturedly; "but, since I came to this desert looking for quiet and solitude, I was not glad to see you."

"I, also, was sorry to meet any one, even yourself, for I was equally anxious to be alone," rejoined the wizard, frankly.

"Well," said the magician, thoughtfully, "since you are a wizard and I a magician, and each of us wishes solitude, the matter is easily remedied. Nothing is easier than to put twenty leagues between us. I have only to wish it."

"Allow me," asked the wizard, politely, "to join you in the wish."

"Certainly," said the magician; "we can save our feelings by making the parting mutual. We will wish together."

"Agreed," said the wizard, eagerly. "Are you ready?"

"Quite!" returned the magician, delighted.

So they raised their wands, shook hands, and said together: "I wish myself twenty leagues away!"

They were powerful enchanters, and the wish was at once accomplished. In an instant they stood together in a place twenty leagues away.

"I am afraid," said the magician, after a moment's silence,—"I am afraid that this can not be called a success. We have traveled some distance, but solitude seems as far off as ever. Perhaps we forgot to take it with us. We must wish again; this time, each for himself!" The wizard agreed that this was the best plan. So, saying, "Excuse my back," he turned from the magician and wished himself back again where he was at first. Instantly he was there, among his pieces of baggage.

"Ah," said he, smiling, "it was not a bad adventure, but I am glad to be alone again!"

"Ahem!" exclaimed a voice behind him. "I beg pardon, I'm sure; but I fear there has been another mistake. I am sorry to see we both happened to find this spot so attractive!"

The wizard turned and saw the magician standing behind him, looking very foolish.

"So you're there, are you? Well, it was a natural mistake! We must have no mistake this time. I'll give the word, and let us each wish ourselves forty leagues away in opposite directions—you to the east, I to the west."

The word was given, the wands waved, and, presto!—nothing at all! Each stood where he was before, for each expected the other to wish himself away.

"It seems to me," said the wizard, after a slight pause, "that it is hardly fair to expect me to leave all my baggage lying around here on the sand!"

"But I was here first," said the magician.

"Yes, to sleep. It strikes me as rather a spacious bedroom!"

"I like a large bedroom," replied the magician. "But we wander from the subject. It is, of course, useless for us to wish again. We have had our three chances, and must now make the best of it. Sit down and have a smoke."

In a moment they were puffing out blue clouds of smoke, sitting cross-legged opposite each other.

"May I ask," said the wizard, presently, "how long you have been practicing your profession?"

"Only since Merlin's time—say about a thousand years. I was a pupil of Merlin, and a very good teacher he was."

"Indeed!" said the wizard, with more respect; "that is a long time. I can not claim more than five centuries. I am but a beginner beside you."

"By hard work you might have learned much in that time."

"I fear I have been lazy," said the wizard, regretfully.

"Perhaps being, as Shakespeare will soon say, 'an older soldier, not a better,' I might be able to give you a useful hint or two. We have still some daylight before us. Suppose we have a lesson?"

"I fear I will only bore you," said the wizard, rather nettled by the patronage of the other.

"I have nothing else to do, and should enjoy teaching so promising a pupil," said the magician, rather pompously.

This was a little too much, for the wizard had graduated with the degree of F. W. (Full Wizard) some three centuries before. He attempted to make excuses, saying: "I am really out of practice; my wand is dusty from disuse."

"Oh, bother your excuses! I can see your true rank at once. Go ahead!" said the magician.

Not seeing how to refuse without being rude, the wizard, after a minute's hesitation, rose and, walking a little apart, drew a circle in the sand. Standing here, he waved his wand slowly in the air and repeated a mystic incantation. The magician, who had only received the degree of P. M. (Passable Magician) when he graduated, looked on very critically.

At the most impressive part of the charm, the wizard suddenly and violently sneezed, in spite of all he could do. Much ashamed, he turned to excuse himself.

"Oh, that's nothing," said the magician, with a condescending smile. "It is a little awkwardness natural to a beginner. No more than I expected! Throwing your arms about creates a draft—makes you chilly; you sneeze, naturally enough. Go on; we won't count this time."

The wizard was much vexed, but kept his temper and resumed the charm. Soon, a mist poured from the tip of his wand, like the smoke from a cigar, and formed a cloud above his head, which slowly revolved and wound itself up into a ball until, as the chant ended, an enormous figure appeared. The wizard turned proudly to the magician, who said nothing. At length the wizard,

seeing no sign of movement in his rival, asked confidently: "How's that?"

"Well," said the other, crossing his legs as he filled his pipe, "it is n't bad—not *very* bad. It

The magician smiled, and rising, took a handful of dust and threw it over the wizard's head.

"When are you to begin?" asked the wizard.

"Look around," said the magician.



THE INDOLENT WIZARD ON THE MAGIC CAMEL MEETS THE LAZY MAGICIAN IN THE DESERT.

is really fair work, of a certain kind. But it is n't the way I was taught. However, I'm afraid of hurting your feelings."

"Not at all," said the wizard. "I am delighted to be criticised. Speak freely, I beg!"

The old magician, with a bland smile and half-shut eyes, went on: "Well, it seems to me too long—much too long. If you were in a hurry,—suppose a rhinoceros was stamping his feet on your door-mat,—you would n't have time to do all that. That cloud is no use—it only spoils the effect; it is out of style. And your spirit looks rather stupid and under-bred—an ugly wretch!"

A terrific howl was heard as the spirit dashed down upon the magician, seeking to tear him to pieces. The magician gently raised his wand, and the spirit melted as snow does into the ocean, and the magician went on quietly: "That shows you what a fool he is—no discretion and no stamina."

The wizard was rather cast down and said sullenly: "Perhaps you will show me how you would do it?"

The wizard turned and saw a little winged figure, looking like a fairy.

"That is *my* spirit," said the magician.

"It's too small to be of any use," remarked the wizard, scornfully.

"I think you will find it quite large enough for all practical purposes."

"Why, *my* spirit," said the wizard, "could roll yours up like a dry leaf and put it in his pocket!"

"Well," said the magician, good naturedly, "I have no objection to that; let him try."

The wizard pronounced the incantation and summoned his spirit.

"Ahab," cried the wizard, calling the spirit by name, "fetch me that small imp!"

"Master, I obey!" shouted the spirit in a voice of thunder, and then suddenly dashed down upon the little fairy.

If the fairy had remained still it might have been hurt; but, just as Ahab came rushing down, the fairy darted away like a humming-bird, too quick for the eye to see the motion. Ahab made a clutch, but caught nothing but sand. Again he tried, but

with no better success. A third and fourth trial so exhausted the huge monster that he sat down upon the sand completely tired out.

The wizard danced around in a perfect rage; and when Ahab gave it up, raising his wand he waved it thrice, and commanded the fairy to stand still. The fairy bowed, and stood quiet.

"Now, Ahab," said the wizard, triumphantly, "bring her to me!"

Ahab arose, and walking heavily to the fairy, took her by the arm. The arm came off in his grasp; but Ahab, not noticing this, brought it to the wizard.

"You dunce!" commenced the wizard; but the absurdity of the situation overcame him, and he laughed, saying: "Well, bring me the rest of her!"

On the next trip, Ahab brought the head.

"Very good," said the wizard; "perseverance will bring her. Go on."

In a few more journeys the pieces of the fairy lay at the wizard's feet.

"There!" said the wizard, in triumph, "I think that ends *your* spirit!"

"Not at all," said the magician, pointing his wand at the heap of arms, wings, body, and head. In an instant the pieces flew together, and the fairy stood before them as well as ever.

"Come now," said the wizard, angrily, "that's not fair!"

"You had to help your spirit, why should n't I help mine?"

"I only kept your spirit still!"

"I only put mine together!"

The wizard had to admit the justice of the magician's claim; but, completely losing his temper, he said angrily: "I don't believe you are any sort of a magician, with all your airs! You may have a friend among the fairies, but I'd like to see what you can do by yourself; send your spirit away, and we'll see who is the better man!"

The spirits were dismissed, and the magician, never losing his temper, said with a smile: "I can't afford to show my magic for nothing! If you will insist on seeing what I can do in the way of real old Egyptian magic, I will show you, on one condition."

"What is that?"

"That he who shows the best magic shall take the wand and power of the other. Do you agree?"

The wizard, although startled, was too angry to be prudent, and replied boldly: "I agree!"

"Let us lose no time, then," said the magician, with a crafty smile. "Are you ready?"



THE WIZARD RAISES AHAH.

"Quite ready," said the wizard.

"Find that, then!" and, as he spoke, the magician threw his wand high into the air. An immense bird, that was flying overhead, clutched the wand, and flew off with lightning speed.

"A baby's trick!" said the wizard, laughing. "I learned that with the alphabet. The idea of playing magical hide-and-seek with me!" and breaking his wand into nine short pieces, he stuck them up in the sand, forming a circle around him. Out from each suddenly sprang a wire and stretched itself along above the sand, like a serpent, only a thousand times faster; and down from this wire fell poles and stuck up in the sand. In the middle of the ring of sticks sat the wizard, with a telegraph instrument, ticking away for dear life. In a moment he stopped and listened. An answering tick was soon heard; and the wizard, smiling, said: "We shall have a dispatch very soon! Wonderful thing, the telegraph—wonderful!"

A speck was seen in the distance coming quickly toward them. It soon resolved itself into a small boy, running as fast as he could.

"Well, my boy?" said the wizard, rubbing his hands, as the messenger arrived.

"Please, sir, here's a package and a letter for you, sir," replied the boy, puffing a little from his run. "Please sign my receipt."

"Certainly, certainly," said the wizard, scarcely hearing what was said; and handing the package to the magician, he opened his letter. It read as follows:

"BORNEO, July 12th.

"Your message received. Inclosed find wand as requested. Had to shoot bird. Sorry. Will have it stuffed.

"Yours, AHAB."

The magician opened the package, and there was the wand.

"You are a little behind the age," said the wizard. "I should think you would know better than to race with electricity!"

"You really did it very well, very well, indeed," said the magician, a little vexed; "but, as you say, it was a baby's trick; I was foolish to try it."

"Well," said the wizard, "let us not waste any more time. Do your very best this time, and let us get through with it!"

"Please, sir," said the telegraph messenger, "sign my receipt; I'm in a hurry."

"Get out! I can't bother with you now!" said the wizard, impatiently. "The idea," he went on, to the magician, "of stopping me now for such a trifle as signing a receipt!"

The boy laughed softly to himself, but no one noticed him, so he stood and watched what was going on.

Meanwhile, the magician was thinking over his very best tricks. At last he said, solemnly: "This time I'll show you something worth seeing!"

Then he wiped his wand in the skirt of his robe, and pronounced a long incantation, while the wizard pretended to be very tired of it. As the

incantation proceeded, a crystal ball formed itself out of the air and floated before them.

"What's that for?" asked the boy, apparently much interested. "That's the biggest marble I ever saw!"

"That," said the magician with great impressiveness, not noticing who spoke, "is the magician-tester. Merlin invented it for the express purpose of putting down conceited magicians. Such is its peculiar construction that only the greatest and most powerful magician can get inside of it."

"Get into that marble!" said the boy. "I don't see what for."

"Probably not," said the magician, much amused.

"Now see here, Johnny," said the wizard, impatiently, "don't you think you'd better run home?"

"I must have my receipt signed," said the boy, positively; "besides, it's fun to see this game."

"Never mind him," said the magician. "Now, what I propose is this: You and I stand about twenty paces from the tester; then let the boy count three (for, while you pay for his time, we may as well use him). Whoever first appears in the tester shall be the winner."

"Am I in this?" asked the boy, much delighted.

"Certainly," said the magician, smiling graciously.

"Let's see if I know the game," said the boy, eagerly. "You two fellows stand a little way off, then I count three, and you two cut as fast as you can for the marble; and then whoever of us three gets into it first wins?"

The magician was much amused to see that the boy included himself in the "game," and replied: "Well, yes; that's the game. There can be no harm in your trying."

"What's the use of talking nonsense to the boy?" asked the wizard.

"Oh, it amuses him and does n't hurt us," replied the magician, good naturedly.

"Get your places!" called the boy, who seemed to enjoy the game very much.

They retired in opposite directions, while the boy also went back some distance.

"All ready?" cried the magician.

"Hold on," said the boy, suddenly; "I'm not half so big as you two—I ought to have a start!"

The wizard was much provoked at the delay, but the magician said, laughing: "All right, my boy; take any start you like, but hurry."

The boy took a few steps, carefully compared the distances, and took a step or two more. He seemed very much excited.

"Is that about right?" he asked.

"Yes, yes; do hurry up!" said the wizard.

"Are you ready?" said the boy.

"Yes!" they replied.

"One—two—three!" shouted the boy, and off he went as fast as his short legs could carry him. The wizard and magician, starting at the same instant, ran with very great speed, and reached the tester on opposite sides at about the same time. Both did their best to get inside; but it was no use. Each turned away, thinking himself defeated. In turning from the tester, they met.

"Hallo!" cried the magician, "I thought you were inside the tester!"

"And I thought you were!" said the wizard, equally surprised.

"Well, what means this?" asked the magician.

"I can't tell," replied the wizard; "I did n't make the tester; there must have been some mistake."

"Oh, no; it's all right," said the magician; "we must try again. Where's the boy?"

"Here I am!" said the boy's voice.

"Where?" they asked, not able to see him.

"In the marble!" said the boy. "I've won!"

There was no mistake. They could both see him, coiled up in the tester and grinning with delight.

"This is too ridiculous!" said the magician. "Come out of that, you little monkey!"

"I sha n't," said the boy, clapping his hands with glee. "I've won, and I'm to have the prize!"

"You sha n't have anything but a good thrash-



"BOTH DID THEIR BEST TO GET INSIDE."

ing!" said the wizard, and catching up his wand he rushed toward the tester.

But at that moment, a crack was heard. The



THE MAGICIAN AND THE WIZARD GO HOME.

tester broke like a bubble, and forth from it came the majestic figure of the enchanter Merlin.

The wizard and magician fell upon their knees.

"It is Merlin!" they cried.

"Yes," replied the enchanter, gravely, "it is Merlin. When a wizard and magician spend their mighty powers in juggling tricks fit only to amuse fools, those powers must be taken from them. You have made the agreement and must abide by it. Drop your wands!"

The wands fell upon the sand.

"Go home, and work!"

They went home and worked, and neither of them married a princess or lived happily ever after.

Merlin laughed softly to himself, and remarking, "There's a couple of dunces!" changed himself back into a messenger-boy, signed his receipt himself, and walked away over the desert. Soon he disappeared over the horizon, and all was still.



THEY put me in the great spare bed, and there they bade me sleep:
I must not stir; I must not wake; I must not even peep!
Right opposite that lonely bed, my Christmas stocking hung;
While near it, waiting for the morn, my Sunday clothes were flung.

I counted softly, to myself, to ten, and ten times ten,
And went through all the alphabet, and then began again;
I repeated that Fifth Reader piece—a poem called "Repose,"
And tried a dozen other ways to fall into a doze—
When suddenly the room grew light. I heard a soft, strong bound—
'T was Santa Claus, I felt quite sure, but dared not look around.
'T was nice to know that he was there, and things were going rightly,
And so I took a little nap, and tried to smile politely.

"Ho! Merry Christmas!" cried a voice; I felt the bed a-rocking;
'T was daylight—Brother Bob was up! and oh, that splendid stocking!



"A Miss is as good as a mile" I think
 When pretty Kitty Lee
 Leaning upon the wellj soft brink
 Lingers to talk with me
 And mother wonders why I don't
 Get home in time for tea .

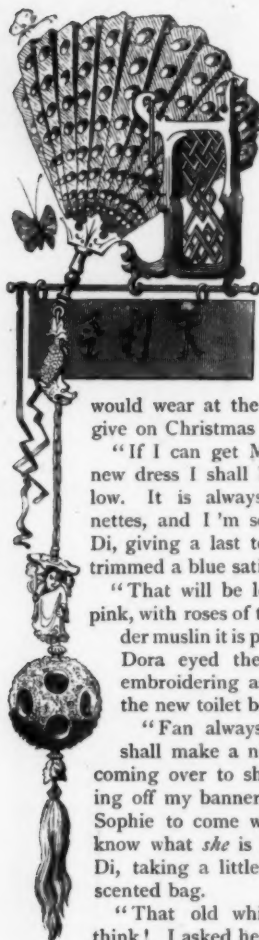


SOPHIE'S SECRET—A CHRISTMAS STORY.

(Begun on page 25 of the November number.)

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

PART III.



DECEMBER snow was falling fast and the wintry wind whistled through the streets, but it was warm and cozy in the luxurious parlor where Di and Do were sitting making Christmas presents, and planning what they

would wear at the party Fanny was to give on Christmas Eve.

"If I can get Mamma to buy me a new dress I shall have something yellow. It is always becoming to brunettes, and I'm so tired of red," said Di, giving a last touch to the lace that trimmed a blue satin *sachet* for Fanny.

"That will be lovely. I shall have pink, with roses of the same color. Under muslin it is perfectly sweet." And Dora eyed the sunflower she was embroidering as if she already saw the new toilet before her.

"Fan always wears blue, so we shall make a nice contrast. She is coming over to show me about finishing off my banner-screen, and I asked Sophie to come with her. I want to know what *she* is going to wear," said Di, taking a little sniff at the violet-scented bag.

"That old white cashmere. Just think! I asked her why she did n't get a new one, and she laughed and said she could n't afford it. Fan told me Sophie's father sent her a hundred dollars not long ago, yet she has n't got a thing that we know of. I do think she's mean."

"She bought a great bundle of books. I was there when the parcel came, and I peeped while she was out of the room, because she put it away in a great hurry. I'm afraid she *is* mean, for she never buys a bit of candy, and she wears shabby boots and gloves, and she has made over her old hat instead of having that lovely one with the pheasant's breast in it."

"She's very queer; but I can't help liking her,

she's so pretty and bright and obliging. I'd give anything if I could speak three languages and play as she does."

"So would I. It seems so elegant to be able to talk to foreigners. Papa had some Frenchmen to dinner the other day, and they were so pleased to find they need n't speak English to Sophie. I could n't get on at all, and I was so mortified when Papa said all the money he had spent on my languages was thrown away."

"I would n't mind. It's so much easier to learn those things abroad, she would be a goose if she did n't speak French better than we do. There's Fan! she looks as if something had happened. I hope no one is ill and the party spoilt."

As Dora spoke, both girls looked out to see Fanny shaking the snow from her seal-skin sack on the doorstep; then Do hastened to meet her, while Di hid the *sachet* and was hard at work on an old-gold sofa cushion when the new-comer entered.

"What's the matter? Where's Sophie?" exclaimed the girls together as Fan threw off her wraps and sat down with a tragic sigh.

"She will be along in a few minutes. I'm disappointed in her! I would n't have believed it if I had n't seen them. Promise not to breathe a word to a living soul and I'll tell you something dreadful," began Fanny, in a tone that caused her friends to drop their work and draw their chairs nearer as they solemnly vowed eternal silence.

"I've seen Sophie's Christmas presents—all but mine, and they are just nothing at all! She has n't bought a thing, not even ribbons, lace, or silk to make up prettily as we do. Only a painted shell for one, an acorn emery for another, her ivory fan with a new tassel for a third, and I suspect one of those nice handkerchiefs embroidered by the nuns for me, or her silver filigree necklace. I saw the box in the drawer with the other things. She's knit woolen cuffs and tippets for the children, and got some eight-cent calico gowns for the servants. I don't know how people do things in Switzerland, but I do know that if I had a hundred dollars in my pocket, I would be more generous than that!"

As Fanny paused, out of breath, Di and Do groaned in sympathy, for this was indeed a sad state of things; because the girls had a code that Christmas being the season for gifts, extravagance would be forgiven then as at no other time.

"I have a lovely smelling-bottle for her, but I've a great mind not to give it now," cried Di, feeling defrauded of the bracelet she had plainly hinted she would like.

"I shall heap coals of fire on her head by giving her *that*," and Dora displayed a very useless but very pretty apron of muslin lace and carnation ribbon.

"It is n't the worth of the things; I don't care for that so much as I do for being disappointed in her, and I have been lately in more ways than one," said Fanny, listlessly taking up the screen she was to finish. "She used to tell me everything, and now she does n't. I'm sure she has some sort of a secret, and I do think I ought to know it. I found her smiling over a letter one day, and she whisked it into her pocket and never said a word about it. I always stood by her and I do feel hurt."

"I should think you might! It's real naughty of her, and I shall tell her so! Perhaps she'll confide in you then, and you can just give *me* a hint; I always liked Sophie, and never thought of not giving *my* present," said Dora, persuasively, for both girls were now dying with curiosity to know the secret.

"I'll have it out of her, without any dodging or bribing. I'm not afraid of any one, and I shall ask her straight out, no matter how much she scowls at me," said dauntless Di, with a threatening nod.

"There she is! Let us see you do it now!" cried Fanny, as the bell rang, and a clear voice was heard a moment later asking if Mademoiselle was in.

"You shall!" and Di looked ready for any audacity.

"I'll wager a box of candy that you don't find out a thing," whispered Do.

"Done!" answered Di, and then turned to meet Sophie, who came in looking as fresh as an Alpine rose with the wintry wind.

"You dear thing! we were just talking of you. Sit here and get warm, and let us show you our gifts. We are almost done, but it seems as if it got to be a harder job each Christmas. Don't you find it so?"

"But no; I think it the most charming work of all the year," answered Sophie, greeting her friend, and putting her well-worn boots toward the fire to dry.

"Perhaps you don't make as much of Christmas as we do, or give such expensive presents. That would make a great difference, you know," said Di, as she lifted a cloth from the table where her own generous store of gifts was set forth.

"I had a piano last year, a set of jewels, and

many pretty trifles from all at home. Here is one;" and pulling the fine gold chain hidden under her frills, Sophie showed a locket set thick with pearls, containing a picture of her mother.

"It must be so nice to be rich, and able to make such fine presents. I've got something for you, but I shall be ashamed of it after I see your gift to me, I'm afraid."

Fan and Dora were working as if their bread depended on it, while Di, with a naughty twinkle in her eye, affected to be re-arranging her pretty table as she talked.

"Do not fear that; my gifts this year are very simple ones. I did not know your custom, and now it is too late. My comfort is, that you need nothing, and, having so much, you will not care for my—what you call—coming short."

Was it the fire that made Sophie's face look so hot, and a cold that gave a husky sort of tone to her usually clear voice? A curious expression came into her face as her eyes roved from the table to the gay trifles in her friend's hands, and she opened her lips as if to add something impulsively. But nothing came, and for a moment she looked straight out at the storm as if she had forgotten where she was.

"'Short-coming' is the proper way to speak it. But never mind that, and tell me why you say 'too late'?" asked Di, bent on winning her wager.

"Christmas comes in three days, and I have no time," began Sophie.

"But with money, one can buy plenty of lovely things in one day," said Di.

"No, it is better to put a little love and hard work into what we give to friends. I have done that with my trifles, and another year I shall be more ready."

There was an uncomfortable pause, for Sophie did not speak with her usual frankness, but looked both proud and ashamed, and seemed anxious to change the subject, as she began to admire Dora's work, which had made very little progress during the last fifteen minutes.

Fanny glanced at Di with a smile that made the other toss her head and return to the charge with renewed vigor.

"Sophie, will you do me a favor?"

"With much pleasure."

"Fan has promised me a whole box of French bonbons, and if you will answer three questions you shall have it."

"Allons," said Sophie, smiling.

"Have n't you a secret?" asked Di, gravely.

"Yes."

"Will you tell us?"

"No."

Di paused before she asked her last question,

and Fan and Dora waited breathlessly, while Sophie knit her brows and looked uneasy.

"Why not?"

"Because I do not wish to tell it."

"Will you tell if we guess?"

"Try."

"You are engaged."

At this absurd suggestion Sophie laughed gayly, and shook her curly head.

"Do you think we are betrothed at sixteen in my country?"

"I *know* that is an engagement-ring: you made

ing to hear love stories. What is his name?" cried Dora.

"Hermann," simpered Sophie, drooping still more, while her lips trembled with suppressed emotion of some sort.

"How lovely!" sighed Fanny, who was very romantic.

"Tell on, do! Is he handsome?"

"To me the finest man in all the world," confessed Sophie as she hid her face.

"And you love him?"

"I adore him!" and Sophie clasped her hands



"HAVE N'T YOU A SECRET, SOPHIE?" ASKED DI, GRAVELY.

such a time about it when you lost it in the water, and cried for joy when Tilly dived and found it."

"Ah, yes, I was truly glad. Dear Tilly, never do I forget that kindness!" and Sophie kissed the little pearl ring in her impulsive way, while her eyes sparkled and the frown vanished.

"I *know* a sweetheart gave it," insisted Di, sure now she had found a clew to the secret.

"He did," and Sophie hung her head in a sentimental way that made the three girls crowd nearer with faces full of interest.

"Do tell us all about it, dear. It's *so* interest-

ing to hear love stories. What is his name?" cried Dora.

"Hermann," simpered Sophie, drooping still more, while her lips trembled with suppressed emotion of some sort.

"How lovely!" sighed Fanny, who was very romantic.

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finger grew too plump, and when I left home she gave the ring to me as a charm to keep me safe. Ah, ha! I have my little joke as well as you, and the laugh is for me this time." And falling back among the sofa cushions, Sophie enjoyed it as only a gay girl could. Do and Fanny joined her, but Di was much disgusted, and vowed she *would* discover the secret and keep all the bonbons to herself.

"You are most welcome, but I will not tell until I like, and then to Fanny first. She will not have ridicule for what I do, but say it is well, and be glad with me. Come now and work. I will plait these ribbons, or paint a wild rose on this pretty fan. It is too plain now. Will you that I do it, dear Di?"

The kind tone and the prospect of such an ornament to her gift appeased Di somewhat, but the mirthful malice in Sophie's eyes made the other more than ever determined to be even with her by and by.

Christmas Eve came and found Di still in the dark, which fact nettled her sadly, for Sophie tormented her and amused the other girls by pretended confidences and dark hints at the mystery which might never, never be disclosed.

Fan had determined to have an unusually jolly party, so she invited only her chosen friends, and opened the festivities with a Christmas-tree as the prettiest way of exchanging gifts and providing jokes for the evening in the shape of delusive bottles, animals full of candy, and every sort of musical instrument to be used in an impromptu concert afterward. The presents to one another were done up in secure parcels, so that they might burst upon the public eye in all their freshness. Di was very curious to know what Fan was going to give her, for Fanny was a generous creature and loved to give. Di was a little jealous of her love for Sophie, and could not rest till she discovered which was to get the finer gift.

So she went early and slipped into the room where the tree stood, to peep and pick a bit as well as to hang up a few trifles of her own. She guessed several things by feeling the parcels; but one excited her curiosity intensely, and she could not resist turning it about and pulling up one corner of the lid. It was a flat box, prettily ornamented with sea-weeds like red lace, and tied with scarlet ribbons. A tantalizing glimpse of jeweler's cotton, gold clasps, and something rose-colored conquered Di's last scruples, and she was just about to untie the ribbons when she heard Fanny's voice, and had only time to replace the box, pick up a paper that had fallen out of it, and fly up the back-stairs to the dressing-room, where she found Sophie and Dora surveying one another as girls always do before they go down.

"You look like a daisy," cried Di, admiring Dora with great interest because she felt ashamed of her prying and the stolen note in her pocket.

"And you like a dandelion," returned Do, falling back a step to get a good view of Di's gold-colored dress and black velvet bows.

"Sophie is a lily of the valley, all in green and white," added Fanny, coming in with her own blue skirts waving in the breeze.

"It does me very well. Little girls do not need grand toilets, and I am fine enough for a 'peasant,'" laughed Sophie, as she settled the fresh ribbons on her simple white cashmere and the holly wreath in her brown hair, but secretly longing for the fine dress she might have had.

"Why did not you wear your silver necklace? It would be lovely on your pretty neck," said Di, longing to know if she had given the trinket away.

But Sophie was not to be caught, and said, with a contented smile: "I do not care for ornaments, unless some one I love gives me them. I had red roses for my *bouquet de corsage*; but the poor Madame Page was so *triste*, I left them on her table to remember her of me. It seemed so heartless to go and dance while she had only pain, but she wished it."

"Dear little Sophie, how good you are!" and warm-hearted Fan kissed the blooming face that needed no roses to make it sweet and gay.

Half an hour later, twenty girls and boys were dancing round the brilliant tree. Then its boughs were stripped. Every one seemed contented; even Sophie's little gifts gave pleasure, because with each went a merry or affectionate verse, which made great fun on being read aloud. She was quite loaded with pretty things, and had no words to express her gratitude and pleasure.

"Ah, you are all so good to me! and I have nothing beautiful for you. I receive much and give little, but I can not help it! Wait a little and I will redeem myself," she said to Fanny, with eyes full of tears and a lap heaped with gay and useful things.

"Never mind that now, but look at this, for here's still another offering of friendship, and a very charming one, to judge by the outside," answered Fan, bringing the white box with the sea-weed ornaments.

Sophie opened it, and cries of admiration followed, for lying on the soft cotton was a lovely set of coral. Rosy pink branches, highly polished, and fastened with gold clasps, formed necklace, bracelets, and a spray for the bosom. No note or card appeared, and the girls crowded round to admire and wonder who could have sent so valuable a gift.

"Can't you guess, Sophie?" cried Dora, longing to own the pretty things.

"I should believe I knew, but it is too costly. How came the parcel, Fan? I think you must know all," and Sophie turned the box about, searching vainly for a name.

"An expressman left it, and Jane took off the wet paper and put it on my table with the other things. Here's the wrapper—do you know that writing?" and Fan offered the brown paper which she had kept.

"No; and the label is all mud, so I can not see the place. Ah, well, I shall discover some day, but I should like to thank this generous friend at once. See now, how fine I am! I do myself the honor to wear them at once."

Smiling with girlish delight at her pretty ornaments, Sophie clasped the bracelets on her round arms, the necklace about her white throat, and set the rosy spray in the lace on her bosom. Then she took a little dance down the room and found herself before Di, who was looking at her with an expression of naughty satisfaction on her face.

"Don't you wish you knew who sent them?"

"Indeed, yes;" and Sophie paused abruptly.

"Well, I know, and I won't tell till I like. It's my turn to have a secret, and I mean to keep it."

"But it is not right," began Sophie, indignantly.

"Tell me yours and I'll tell mine," said Di, teasingly.

"I will not! You have no right to touch my gifts, and I am sure you have done it, else how know you who sends this fine *cadeau*?" cried Sophie, with the flash Di liked to see.

Here Fanny interposed: "If you have any note or card belonging to Sophie, give it up at once. She shall not be tormented. Out with it, Di. I see your hand in your pocket, and I'm sure you have been in mischief."

"Take your old letter, then. I know what's in it, and if I can't keep my secret for fun, Sophie shall not have hers. That Tilly sent the coral, and Sophie spent her hundred dollars in books and clothes for that queer girl, who'd better stay among her lobsters than try to be a lady," cried Di, bent on telling all she knew, while Sophie was reading her letter eagerly.

"Is it true?" asked Dora, for the four girls were in a corner together, and the rest of the company busy pulling crackers.

"Just like her! I thought it was that, but she would n't tell. Tell us now, Sophie, for I think it was truly sweet and beautiful to help that poor girl, and let us say hard things of you," cried Fanny, as her friend looked up with a face and a heart too full of happiness to help overflowing into words.

"Yes; I will tell you now. It was foolish, perhaps, but I did not want to be praised, and I loved

to help that good Tilly. You know she worked all summer and made a little sum. So glad, so proud she was, and planned to study that she might go to school this winter. Well, in October, the uncle fell very ill, and Tilly gave all her money for the doctors. The uncle had been kind to her, she did not forget; she was glad to help, and told no one but me. Then I said, 'What better can I with my father's gift than give it to the dear creature, and let her lose no time? I do it; she will not at first, but I write and say, 'It must be,' and she submits. She is made neat with some little dresses, and she goes, at last, to be so happy and do so well that I am proud of her. Is not that better than fine toilets and rich gifts to those who need nothing? Truly, yes! yet I confess it cost me pain to give up my plans for Christmas, and to seem selfish or ungrateful. Forgive me that."

"Yes, indeed, you dear generous thing!" cried Fan and Dora, touched by the truth.

"But how came Tilly to send you such a splendid present?" asked Di. "Should n't think you'd like her to spend your money in such things."

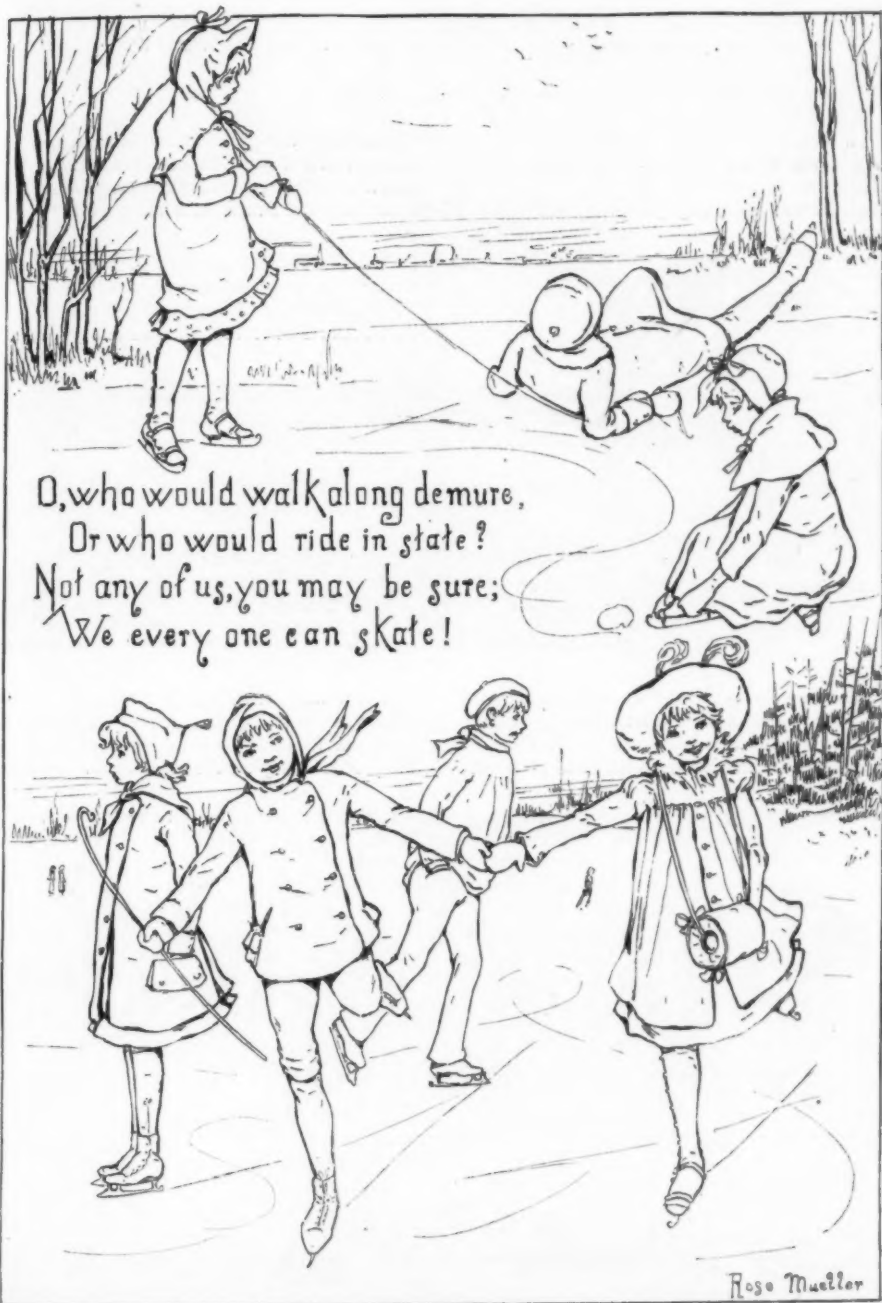
"She did not: a sea-captain, a friend of the uncle, gave her these lovely ornaments, and she sends them to me with a letter that is more precious than all the coral in the sea. I can not read it, but of all my gifts *this* is the dearest and the best!"

Sophie had spoken eagerly, and her face, her voice, her gestures made the little story eloquent; but with the last words she clasped the letter to her bosom as if it well repaid her for all the sacrifices she had made. They might seem small to others, but she was sensitive and proud, anxious to be loved in the strange country, and fond of giving; so it cost her many tears to seem mean and thoughtless, to go poorly dressed, and be thought hardly of by those she wished to please. She did not like to tell of her own generosity, because it seemed like boasting, and she was not sure that it had been wise to give so much. Therefore, she waited to see if Tilly was worthy of the trust reposed in her, and she now found a balm for many wounds in the loving letter that came with the beautiful and unexpected gift.

Di listened with hot cheeks, and when Sophie paused she whispered regretfully:

"Forgive me, I was wrong! I'll keep your gift all my life to remember you by, for you *are* the best and dearest girl I know."

Then, with a hasty kiss, she ran away, carrying with great care the white shell on which Sophie had painted a dainty little picture of the mermaids waiting for the pretty boat that brought good fortune to poor Tilly, and this lesson to those who were hereafter her faithful friends.



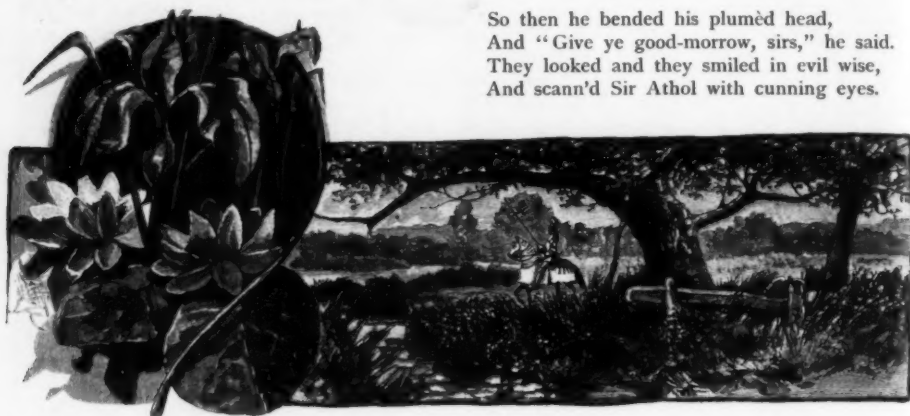
HOW SIR ATHOL CAME TO HIS KINGDOM.

BY E. VINTON BLAKE.

'T WAS brave Sir Athol of Balderstone
Who rode by the woodside all alone;
All alone, in his armor dight,
And he was a passing goodly knight.

"Right heavy the grudge they bear to me,
Though ever I greet them courteously;
But it shall not be said Sir Athol shrank
From seven old men on a river bank."

So then he bended his plumed head,
And "Give ye good-morrow, sirs," he said.
They looked and they smiled in evil wise,
And scann'd Sir Athol with cunning eyes.



It chanced as he rode, a harness clank
Of riders came from the river bank;
He said to himself as he saw the first,
"Now here be the Seven Wise Men of Hirst."

The first was palsied, the second lame,
And blind, deaf, halting, the others came;
On seven black mules in single rank
They rode along on the river bank.





In shrewish voices the knight they cursed —
The wicked Seven Wise Men of Hirst;
With wag of head and with wave of arm,
They prophesied he would come to harm.

“Now fare ye well with your sorry cheer;
For what has a knight to do with fear?”
And brave Sir Athol, no whit dismayed,
Rode blithely down through the thicket's shade.

And in at the river's brink he rides,
To find him a way through its foaming tides.
But the furious stream's resistless force
Bears down with the current man and horse.

A drooping bough by an islet shore
The brave Sir Athol at last upbore;

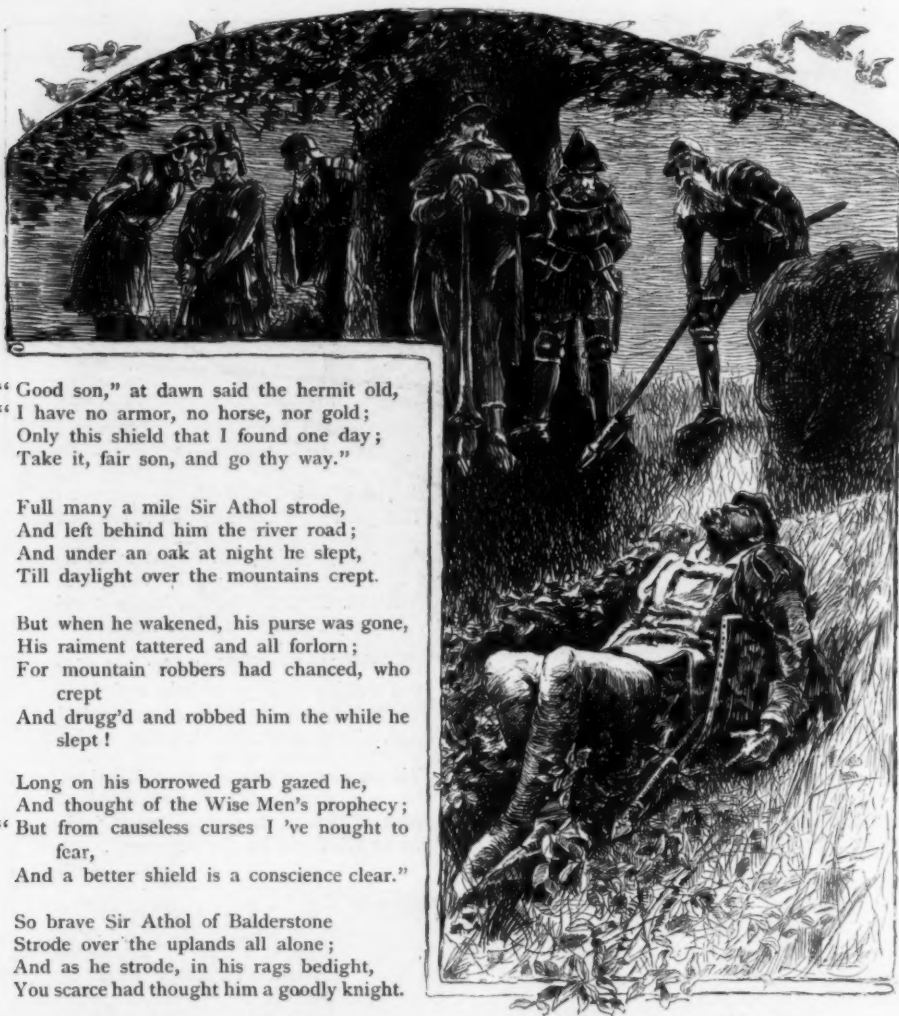
But, weighted down with his armor, sank
The good roan steed by the island bank.

And safely landed, the knight made moan:
“I sore regret thee, my noble roan;
And how shall I from this islet's strand —
All heavy-armor'd — achieve the land?”

He scann'd the river both far and wide,
But nothing of hope or help espied;
Then down on the sand his armor laid,
And girt himself with his trusty blade.

Then plunging into the sweeping tide
He gained, exhausted, the other side;
And all that night with a hermit 'bode
In an ivied cell by the river road.





"Good son," at dawn said the hermit old,
 "I have no armor, no horse, nor gold;
 Only this shield that I found one day;
 Take it, fair son, and go thy way."

Full many a mile Sir Athol strode,
 And left behind him the river road;
 And under an oak at night he slept,
 Till daylight over the mountains crept.

But when he wakened, his purse was gone,
 His raiment tattered and all forlorn;
 For mountain robbers had chanced, who crept
 And drugg'd and robbed him the while he slept!

Long on his borrowed garb gazed he,
 And thought of the Wise Men's prophecy;
 "But from causeless curses I've nought to fear,
 And a better shield is a conscience clear."

So brave Sir Athol of Balderstone
 Strode over the uplands all alone;
 And as he strode, in his rags bedight,
 You scarce had thought him a goodly knight.

And thirst and hunger endured he,
 And many a flout and contumely;

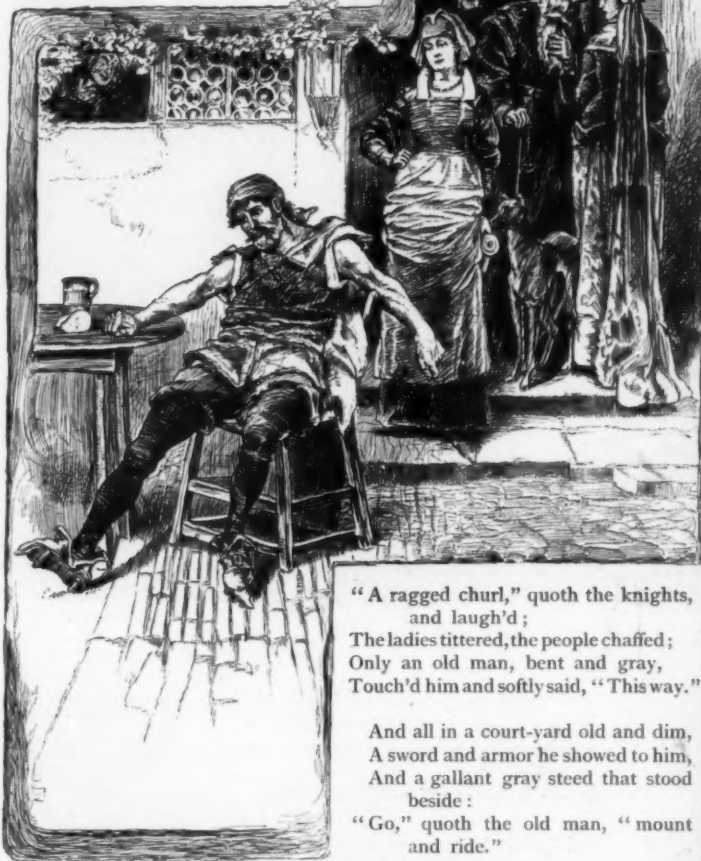
For many a day believed him none
 That he was Athol of Balderstone.



It chanced one day by a meadow side
A field of tourney his eyes espied,
And many a goodly dame and knight
Was gather'd round it to see the fight.

And crowds by crowds of the people press'd
The banner'd lists for to greet the best;
Since he who bravest of all might stand
Should rule, the king of that fertile land.

The noble tidings, when Athol heard,
The soul of knighthood within him stirred;
"For love of all noble deeds," cried he,
"Is none who will horse and armor me?"



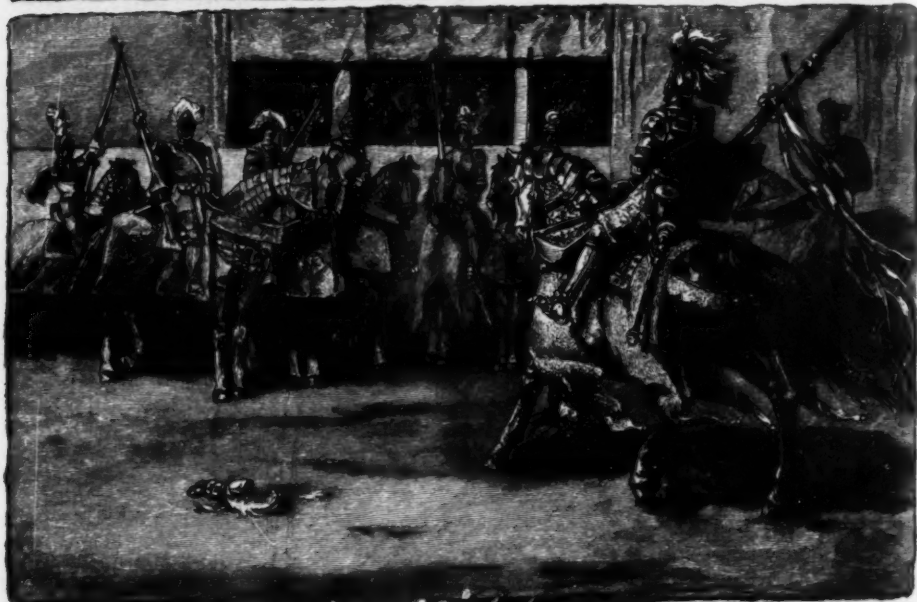
"A ragged churl," quoth the knights,
and laugh'd;
The ladies tittered, the people chaffed;
Only an old man, bent and gray,
Touch'd him and softly said, "This way."

And all in a court-yard old and dim,
A sword and armor he showed to him,
And a gallant gray steed that stood
beside:

"Go," quoth the old man, "mount
and ride."

Then rode Sir Athol of Balderstone,
A happier man than he was none;
He into the heat of battle flew,
And seventeen knights that day o'erthrew;

Then heard, as he paused, the greetings flung,
With cries and praises from every tongue;
They bow'd to greet him with loud acclaim,
And gather'd round him and asked his name.



That night, in his palace chamber dim,
The Wise Men's prophecy came to him:
" 'T was only a road,—this toil and
shame,—
By which I into my kingdom came."

And I,—as I read my story back,—
I wonder if o'er the self-same track,
Like to King Athol, you and I
Will come to OUR kingdoms by and by.



ÉDOUARD FRÈRE AND HIS CHILD PICTURES.

BY MRS. LIZZIE W. CHAMPNEY.

A TINY gem on the beautiful belt of clustered country-seats, abbeys, chateaux, parks, villas, and charming suburban resorts that girdle Paris, there nestles a queer little village overflowing with children. They swarm in the court-yards, floating wooden shoes for boats in the water-tank. They sit contentedly on door-steps, plastering their faces with bread and jam. Their white caps make a dash of light above the scarlet geraniums which flame at the windows. They troop over the cobblestone pavements, with a clatter like that of a passing regiment. They buzz and hum in the school, defying the efforts of even the good curate to keep them in order. They skirmish over the fields and meadows, gathering bouquets of poppies, or raiding after fruit and birds' nests; and they are to be seen in every glimpse which we catch of home interiors. Sometimes a sweet face is outlined against a great brass platter, like an angel head with its golden aureole, and again the sooty cavern of the chimney furnishes to another a Rembrandtesque background.

Everywhere children; with their dolls and carts, their little pet animals, their treasures of flowers and dainties, their pleasures of play, their little griefs and troubles. And such picturesque children, in peasant suits of blue petticoats with white sleeves and odd little caps and kerchiefs, and clumsy wooden shoes. "Pretty enough for a picture!" would be your exclamation, and the wisest art-lover would agree with you; for since the time of Raphael, the greatest child-painter, artists have agreed that there is nothing more lovely on this beautiful earth than a sweet-faced boy or girl.

And so you will not be surprised to learn that this village of Ecouen has become the haunt of artists, who go there not because of its fine scenery or architecture, but because a great painter was first attracted to the spot by these peasant babies, and made such charming pictures of them that the world cried out for more.

When Édouard Frère first came to Ecouen the world did not call him a great painter. He was only a young art-student who had graduated at the Academy of Fine Arts in Paris, had been four years the pupil of the celebrated artist, Paul Delaroche, and was gaining a slender livelihood as an illustrator. If he had had the means he might have gone to Rome to study, and have lost all originality in the mannerisms of the Italian school; but he was poor and in love, and looking about,

among the many charming villages which cluster around Paris, for some cozy spot in which to build his home-nest where living would not be so dear as in the great city, he chanced upon this queer little nook.

I have no doubt that his bride's relations pitied poor Gabrielle, and thought of her as buried alive in this obscure country place. But Gabrielle had the keen insight and foresight of a loving woman. She could see genius, in this gentle-mannered youth, which as yet no one else could see, and to her all the long years which lay between them and recognition were as nothing for the love which she bore him.

For a time after their coming to Ecouen, Édouard Frère continued his work as an illustrator. But this did not satisfy him. He had a true artist's love for color, and when not busied with his black-and-white drawings he made little paintings of the Ecouen babies and pinned them to the walls of his studio. The children learned to love him and kept on with their little games when he was near, for they knew that Monsieur Frère was interested in their play, and liked to snare birds and play at soldier, and watch the little girls nurse their hideous dolls, as much as if he were himself a child. He had such a sympathetic, kindly manner, that they were never afraid to trust their secrets with him, to show him the white rabbit's little bunnies, or to ask him to set the leg of their tame crow. He knew each child by name, and sometimes on his sketches names are to be found noted under the figures. As the villagers gathered around his easel when he painted in the open air, or now and then paid a reverent visit to his studio and scanned the sketches on the wall, they would pick out their friends and acquaintances from the pictured groups with many an exclamation of delight.

"See!" they would exclaim, before a painting representing boys coasting, "there is Toupet scratching up snow with his hands. Ernest Joly has fallen, the awkward one!"

"And here are the three Arnoux, hugging each other tight, and sliding down hill upon one small sled. Ah! it is so in life; if brothers are rich and live in a wide house, then they can quarrel politely, and stand aloof from one another like gentlemen; but when quarters are narrow, then there is the more need for affectionate embracing."

"Hold — Sainte Beuve and Yvon have tumbled

together! That is good. If one must be down in the world, it is more endurable if you have good company."

"Look, there is Donat, the dandy; how proud he is of his new hat! He must needs be painted in it before the boys had spoiled the shape for him, and now all the world will imagine that he wears a hat like that every day of his life—the pretender!"

And so the villagers would rattle on, almost without cessation.

Édouard Frère did not try to invent pictures, but took just such as he found, not fancying that any one else would care greatly for them, but painting them because they appealed to him. He soon found that these young faces were not all joyous; some were pinched and pale with hunger, or drawn with pain, and often the eyes had the wistful, patient look that belongs to the poor. The parents were hard-worked, poorly paid men and women, who toiled all day in the fields, and either became brutalized and hard of heart and life, or faded away and died under their cruel lot. Millet, the great French painter, himself a peasant, saw all the pathos in these lives of labor and endurance, and a little later touchingly interpreted it for the world. But no one at this time painted peasants, and even Millet did not care greatly for the children. Édouard Frère alone seemed to recognize and appreciate the beauty of their simple pleasures, their little deeds of self-denial and kindness, and the brave helpfulness, the grateful content and love, with which a little child graces poverty.

He was twenty-nine years old when his wife persuaded him that the great world might care for these little pictures of child-life, and induced him to exhibit seven tiny canvases at the *Salon*. The *Salon* is the yearly exhibition of pictures at Paris, many times larger than the exhibition of our National Academy in New York, and though thirty-four apartments open into each other, and the pictures are hung so closely that the frames touch from wainscot to ceiling, giving space for from two to three thousand canvases, there

are yet so many painters in France and in other countries who send to the *Salon* that thousands of pictures are always rejected. A committee of artists view the paintings sent, and only the best are accepted. It is always a great event in a young artist's life when his first picture is hung at the *Salon*. We can imagine that Édouard Frère and his young wife were very anxious to hear the decision of the committee in regard to the seven little pictures. Many times the artist must have regretted sending them—it would be such a disappointment and disgrace to be refused. Madame Gabrielle must have been in a fever of impatience, for she, at least, had no doubt of their acceptance.

And they were accepted, well hung, and commanded attention. Eminent critics paused, pencil in hand, before them. Young mothers grasped their husbands' arms to have them notice how like little Annette, or Jean, or François, this child was. And the committee of awards made a note of the name of Édouard Frère as that of a new man of surprising originality, whose career must be followed. French artists hitherto had not dared to paint real country folk; their peasants were masquerade shepherds and shepherdesses of the theater, dressed in pink-and-blue satin, with powdered hair and ribboned crooks. But here was a young man who had actually found sentiment and beauty in the every-day life of the poor, in their worn and tattered clothing, with all its pitiful story of privation and suffering, in the brave cheerfulness with which the young faces uncomplainingly met their tasks, and found pleasure in toiling. He had touched the commonplace with something of the radiance which a carpenter's son shed upon it when he dwelt, long ago, among the peasants of Galilee.

Four years later the *Salon* awarded him a medal, —a wonderful success for a man hitherto entirely unknown to the art world,—and at the Exposition of 1855 he was made Chevalier of the Legion of Honor. Then Monsieur Gambart, of Brussels, one of the great picture dealers who tell the rich people all over the world whose paintings are the only proper ones to be bought, packed his portmanteau and hurried to Ecouen to inquire where Édouard Frère lived. Every child in the village street lifted up his hand to point and his voice to shout: "There—there, over yonder, is our good little Papa Frère;" and preceded by an advance guard and followed by a retinue of young models, the capitalist entered Monsieur Frère's studio, bringing the lady Fortune with him.

Success had come to him in early middle life, while there were still long years before him in which to enjoy all the good things of the world.



MOTHER COCOTTE. (SEE PAGE 130.)

He could make his residence where he chose; could study the masterpieces of Italy as he had longed to do as a young man; could join his brother, who was painting the glowing skies and warm colors of the Orient, then so much in vogue; could be one of the centers of social life in gay Paris. But he had grown attached

tion. She goes for the children and returns them; keeps a mental inventory of ages, sizes, types, and can tell Monsieur what child he action. "Let us the artist, at the tomorrow I begin a long ago seeing

Frère on the instant just ought to have for a required see, my good Aimée," says end of one day's work, "to new picture. I remember Rosalie Seignac getting dinner for her sick mother, with the aid of her little brother. It was a pretty picture. I said when I saw it, I must paint that. But Rosalie has grown into a tall young woman now, and her brother is with the angels. Seek a little, whom shall we get to pose for the figures? Will Fifine do for one?"

Aimée purses her lips and rolls the corner of her apron. "Monsieur forgets—that girl grows like a squash-vine; she is fifty centimeters too tall."

"Elise, then?"

"Elise is engaged to sit for Monsieur Chialiva's turkey picture."

"How would Annette do?"

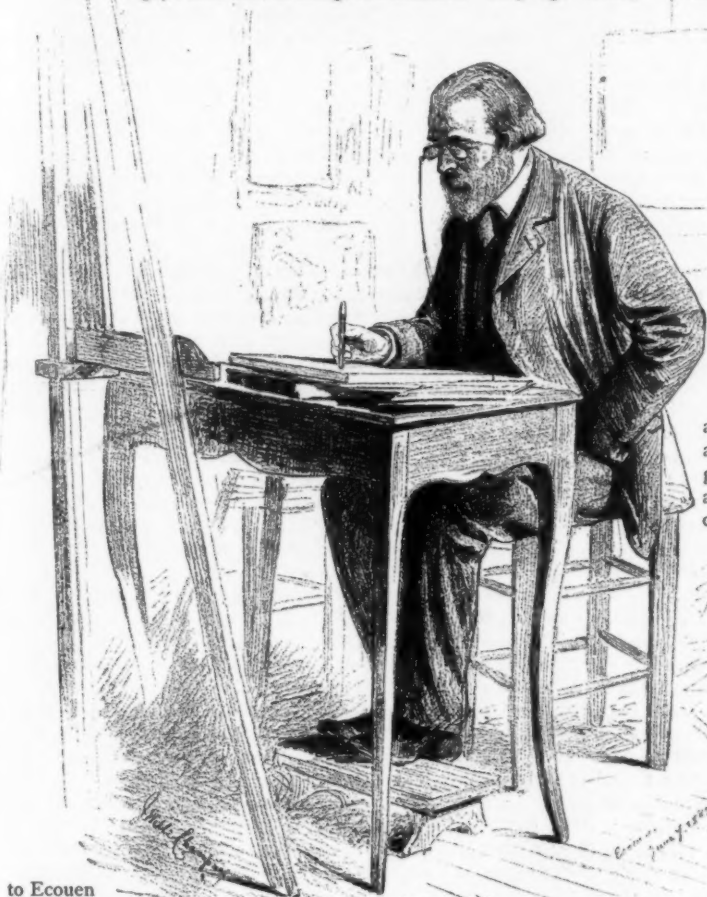
"Annette is too fat; Clarice is never still, she is as restless as the vane on the chimney; Marie is sulky; Ba-

bette has the chicken-pox; Jeanne has gone to Ezanville. There is no one but

Angelique, and she is freckled and red-headed."

"She will do nicely. I can leave the freckles out, and her hair is just the thing. For the boy, I suppose we must take Amedée."

"Amedée is too mischievous; I had the trouble of a lost soul to keep him away from the strawberry beds. Baptiste, now, would be better behaved."



ÉDOUARD FRÈRE AT WORK. (FROM A PENCIL-SKETCH BY J. W. CHAMPNEY.)

to Ecouen and to the children, and he kept on painting

them until they grew to men and women, and in their turn led their children by the hand to pose for "Papa Frère."

Aimée, who was one of his early models, has been *bonne*, or maid, in the family for over twenty-five years. She is drill-master and nursery-maid for the children who pose, and is a great institu-

"He is a homely little fellow; I do not think I could use him. What has become of that little Henri La Fontaine, with the blonde curls?"

"His mother has had them cut since the hot weather; besides, he has the mumps in both cheeks. However, I will get him if Monsieur desires."

"Certainly not; but tell me whom I ought to have?"

"Narcisse might do, if I could keep him awake. (That child would sleep if the Prussians bombarded the château!) Quentin is a little runaway; when he sees me coming he makes straight for the forest, where no one can lay a hand on him. Emile is in school; he is a good student, and his mother will not let him pose except on Saturdays. Maurice is beautiful as an angel, but shy as a rabbit, and he weeps if one but looks at him. If Monsieur should tell him to hold the soup-ladle he would faint with fright. Anethol is a gourmand; if he is desired, I must fry a whole kettle of *merveilles*,* and he will eat them every one."

"Can you not overcome Maurice's timidity? Surely I have not the reputation of an ogre."

"No, Monsieur, it is because you are so good and great in his eyes; it is the reverence for a saint. To speak with you is almost to him as if the picture of the Cardinal Odet de Coligny on the church window should step smilingly down toward us! Surely then we should all faint with terror."

"Perhaps if I should play a game of marbles with him, he would feel less of awe."

"Monsieur must not so trouble himself. The child is fond of fairy stories; I will tell them while he is posing, and distract his mind."

No matter how many children figure in his picture, Monsieur Frère requires to see them all in their proper positions, in order to relate them one to the other. Aimée keeps the battalion in order; now and then they are allowed to run out to play, and she watches that they do no mischief. She washes their faces, arranges their hair, costumes them, comforts the homesick, encourages with candy, or punishes the refractory, deals out the copper sous with which they are paid at the end of the sitting, and carries a report to the parents of their behavior. The lazy straighten up and take better positions when they hear the crackle of her stiffly starched petticoats, and the woe-begone, half-starved children of the drunkard know that between their tasks Aimée will take them to the kitchen and feed them until they can eat no more.

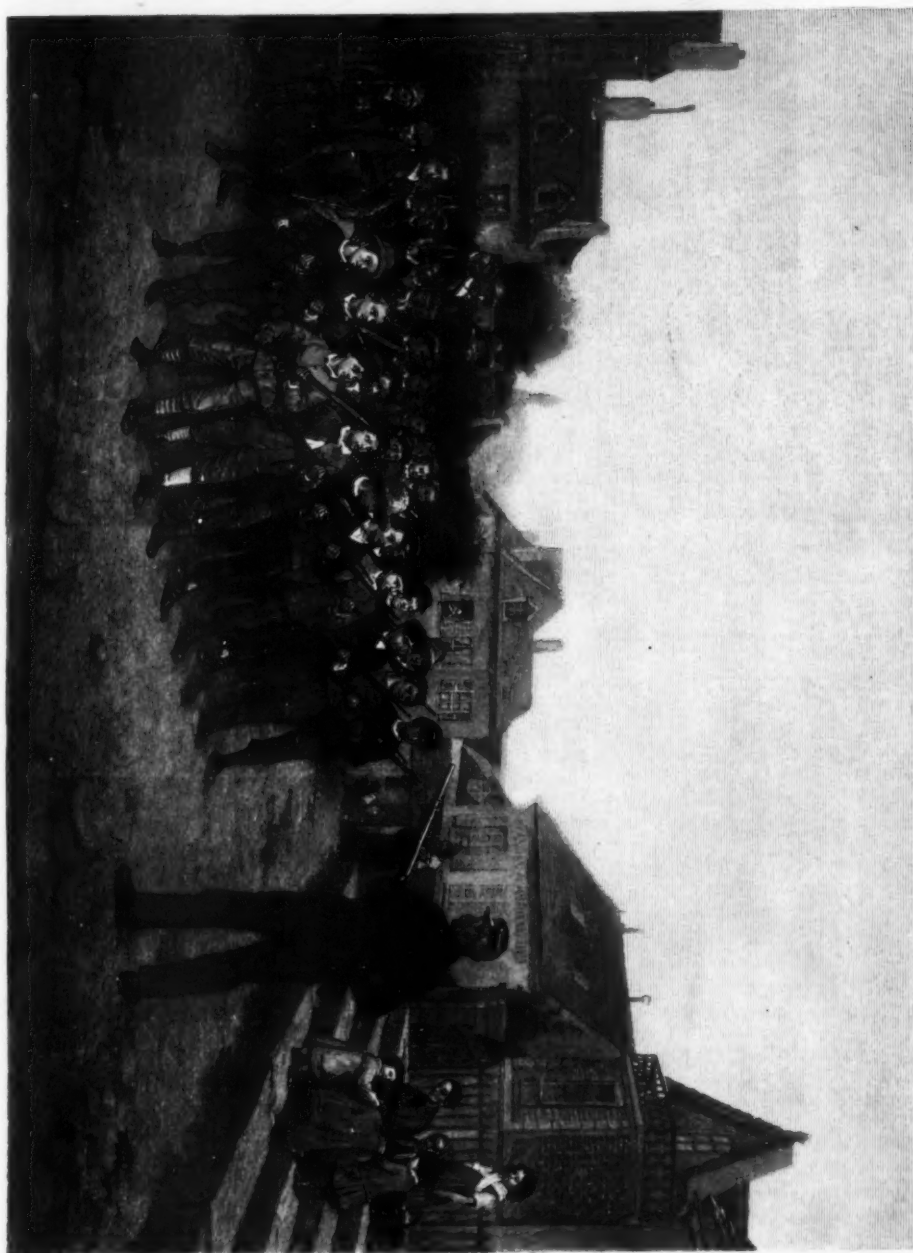
What wonder that Aimée fancies that much of the credit for the success of these pictures belongs rightly to her—since all that Monsieur does is to spread the paint on the canvas?

* A kind of pastry.

Édouard Frère now lives in a handsome little château in the center of an extensive park, which contains many interesting rooms, a grand studio, a library, a parlor that is a picture gallery of the works of other French artists, which have been presented to him or to Madame Frère; other apartments rich in bronzes, in water-colors, and handsome furniture. But secluded from the rest is Madame Frère's boudoir, which is perhaps the heart of the house. The furniture here is upholstered with embroidery by the hand of the mistress of the house, rich in color, but of bewildering design—labyrinthine tracery which you fancy must mean something if you could only find the key to the combination. Madame Frère calls it *vitraux d'église*,* from its resemblance to shattered stained glass. She has worked the many strips that compose the furnishing of this room through the long years that stretch between her present and those early days in Ecouen. How many loving thoughts have slipped in with the threads of rose, how many ambitious hopes have followed those ciphers in royal purple. Here is a crimson cartouche; perhaps it is the record of the coming of the red ribbon which marks her husband a Chevalier d'Honneur; and there is a tiny white cross that may tell the giving to God of their baby. On the wall hang thirty or forty engravings from M. Frère's pictures. Here we have a history of his work during all these busy, patient years. Here is "The Little Flute-player," with its companion piece of a tall boy, almost embracing a sturdy little fellow in his efforts to teach him to drum. Here are three pictures of boys snaring snow-birds: the first represents the repressed excitement with which the children watch the birds' survey of the trap, anxiously asking, "Will he be caught?" In the second "He is caught!" and the children are enjoying a brief moment of triumph; but there is many a slip 'twixt the trap and the cage, and in the third scene "He has escaped!" and the children stretch their hands in vain after the fugitive. Another well-known and charming subject which we find here is a wee tot gravely etching a picture with a forefinger through the molasses which covers her bread and butter. Here, too, are the little boy and girl who are carefully dosing a sick doll. The lad plays the doctor very gravely, while the deep solicitude of the child's mamma is not all make-believe. This is the picture which gained Édouard Frère his first medal. Here a young girl stands upon a chair in front of a fire-place to twine a rosary about a crucifix. There is a thoughtful sadness in her face. Is she thinking of Monsieur le Curé's words, "Woman's lot is to love, to suffer, to pray"?

School pictures are evident favorites. In one, two faithful scholars plod through the wet, their

* Church-glass—meaning, stained-glass window.



"THE YOUNG GRAND."—ENGRAVED BY T. GULF, AFTER THE PAINTING BY ÉDOUARD FRÈRE. (BY PERMISSION OF GULPH & CO.)



"WILL HE BE CAUGHT?"

torn umbrella resolutely set against the driving storm, while in the "Sortie d'École" ("The Sortie from School") the children, trooping down the narrow staircase, come "bounding out of school," full of frolic and the happy spirit of play-time, and as if glad, one and all, to get into the sunshine again.



"HE IS CAUGHT."

The weary seamstresses toiling in the next picture in their dormered attic remind one of Millet's hopeless peasants; and so the subjects run, alternating pathos with glee, and each treated with such tenderness that the simple stories never fail to touch the fancy and the heart.

Quite a colony of artists have gathered in Ecouen about this great painter, and so fatherly and kindly is he to all that he is usually spoken of by them by the name which the peasant children first gave him—"Papa Frère." He is a small man, of delicate frame and fine proportions, but big and burly men have learned to look *down* with a respect which is

old bodies to be useless and dependent. It was a great consolation to them when the artists, following Monsieur Frère's example, and realizing the touching stories which are written in every wrinkle of their kindly faces, began to paint these aged women as well as the children. And so the old ladies still sit quietly, their frosty locks drawn smooth under queer lace caps, or bound by gay kerchiefs, their tear-dimmed eyes closing drowsily and the toil-cramped fingers resting idly in their laps; but even while they rest they are earning money, for some artist of the sympathetic school is busy transferring the pitiful figure to his canvas.



"HE HAS ESCAPED!"

almost reverence upon him. His own son overtops him, and addresses his father playfully as "My good little author"; but there is a dignity mingled with his gentle courtesy which removes any impression of insignificance.

The men and women who were in middle life when he came to Ecouen have either died or are aged now. There are grandmothers who are past working in the fields, who sit contentedly on the sunny side of the court, or cower by the chimney-corner, waiting, quietly waiting. Some of these have not saved a pittance for their support in old age, their children have all that they can do to care for their little ones, and it grieves the dear

One such old lady I distinctly remember, the Mère Cocotte ("Mother Cocotte"), a universal favorite. Some might have considered her poor, but she felt well-to-do and pleasantly independent; for did she not live in a picturesque old house, so crazy and dilapidated, so darkened with smoke and cobwebs, and so filled with old rubbish of faded pink bed-hangings, Mother Hubbard cupboards, with bits of coarse pottery and shining copper and brass, that the artists loved to paint within it? And did they not pay her well for the privilege? It was true that she did not own this poor home, but "Papa Frère" paid the rent, the town awarded her a fagot of fire-wood and a loaf of bread daily,

* The three pictures on these two pages are engraved by kind permission of L. H. Lefèvre, of London, owner of the copyrights.

the butcher gave her a pint of soup every Sunday, and as for other luxuries, she made as much as twenty cents, and sometimes even forty in a day, by sitting for the artists. It was pleasant to listen to the prattle of the old soul. She disliked the Prussians, for when they besieged Paris they stole her two pet rabbits; but she was always merry-hearted and sang delicious little love songs, in a cracked voice which must have been very sweet when she was young. She had a cap of fine lace, which had been handed down to her possibly by her own grandmother, and which she wore only on holidays, when she sat under the great trees that adjoin the castle and watched the young people dance in the open air. It seems to her that they do not dance with the grace and spirit of the young people of sixty years ago, but still she enjoys watching them. She loves to see people happy. The

ear-rings, and freshly fluted frills, and look so charming that you would never suspect that a bit of dry bread is all they had for dinner to-day.

"Farewell to misery, poverty, sorrowing,
While we've a fiddle we still will dance;
Supper we've none, nor can we go borrowing;
Dance and forget is the fashion of France."

Papa Frère's fête day (or day of his patron saint, which in France is celebrated instead of one's own birthday) was the occasion of the year for popular rejoicing for Ecouen. A grand dinner was served, and in the evening the peasants gathered about his park to see the annual display of fire-works. Since the death of his little granddaughter these festivities have been discontinued, at Monsieur Frère's desire. The peasants of Ecouen are as quick to sympathize with grief as to join in merriment. Mother Cocotte attends every funeral and mass for



"DON'T BE SHY." (ENGRAVED BY PERMISSION OF L. H. LEFÈVRE.)

charcoal-seller there is on working days as grimy as a pitman, but his face is clean now, and his shirt-sleeves are tied with ribbons. The butcher's boy has scented his curly locks and has a rose in his button-hole, and all the young girls from the village have donned their Sunday finery, their gold

the dead, decently clad in black, and has a picture of the Virgin beside her little fire-place, with a blessed branch which the priest gave her last Palm Sunday.

The largest of the bells which hang in the belfry of the little church was given to the parish by

Madame Frère, and when the children hear it tolling they exclaim, "There is Madame Frère calling us." This village church is rich in old stained glass and looks out upon the Place shaded by a magnificent old chestnut tree. It is said that the Chevalier Bayard fastened his horse to this tree while calling on the Montmorencys, who built the old castle which still looks down upon Ecouen. Monsieur has used the Place as a background for "The Young Guard," one of his later pictures, a reproduction of which is given on page 129. France is preëminently a military nation. The artists, Berne Bellecour, Detaille, De Neuville, and others, have given us thrilling episodes in the last war with the Prussians. The same military enthusiasm glows in the breasts of the boys, and we can see the *esprit de corps* shining in each of the young faces. Some of the men who served as soldiers in the French army during the campaign of 1870, Monsieur Frère painted long ago as children learning to drum and playing at drill. His own little grandson, Gabriel Frère, figures in the awkward squad of "The Young Guard."

Monsieur Frère writes in a recent letter:

"I am making a drawing from one of my latest paintings—the face of a child four years of age, my favorite model, who died just as my picture was finished. The drawing is for his mother. The poor woman employed all the money which the child gained in dressing him handsomely. Dear little fellow, with what courage he held himself motionless in order to earn a pair of velvet pantaloons, a vest of velvet, fine shoes, and a hat with ribbons! He was buried with all his bravery. There remain sixty-two francs of his earnings, with which they intend to erect a little monument."

While Édouard Frère's pictures have been painted almost without exception in this secluded spot, they have found their way to all art centers. In England they are especially admired. Early in his successful career he was persuaded to visit a friend in London. He enjoyed the novel experience exceedingly, but as he was entirely unacquainted with the English language, he was

extremely dependent on his friend. He was invited with him on one occasion to a grand dinner. There were speeches and toasts, of which he understood not one word; but he followed his friend's cue, applauding where he applauded and answering the jokes and stories with an appreciative smile.



"A LESSON IN DRUMMING." (ENGRAVED BY PERMISSION OF L. H. LEFÈVRE.)

Presently some one at the other end of the table proposed a toast which was greeted with universal enthusiasm. Papa Frère clapped his hands with the rest, whereat every one smiled or laughed and applauded more uproariously. Following his friend's example, Papa Frère smiled, nodded, and cheered; but was overcome with confusion when it was explained to him that he had been applauding his own name and some extremely flattering compliments which had just been paid him. It might have occurred to Madame Frère that this was the

case, for to her swift intuitions no success which comes to her husband is a surprise, and she shares his honors with the calm satisfaction of one who had foreseen them from the first. But Papa Frère was of too simple and modest a nature to imagine for a moment that such admiration could be meant for him.

The same sweet and unassuming spirit dwells in him still. His genius, not satisfied with past achievements, has ripened and matured with conscientious study, so that his later pictures are bet-

ter than the ones which made him famous. The world about him changes, the old people pass away and the children grow old; but the child-heart that is in Édouard Frère can not change. The beauty which he has created can never die, but is a glorious gift from one life to mankind; the great, busy world is more humane and looks with tenderer compassion upon the children of the poor because he has lived, while all who have known him personally are the richer for that privilege, and thank God that he still lives to bless others.

THE LITTLE STONE BOY.

BY SYDNEY DAYRE.

HE stood in a fountain and held up a shell,
From which a bright shower of diamonds fell,
Just catching the glance of the sunshine which
played

Bo-peep in and out of the jessamine shade;
And back at the children, who laughed up in
joy,
He laughed, as they called him The Little Stone
Boy.

He laughed at the dew and he laughed at the
flowers,
Which smiled up at him through the long sum-
mer hours;

He laughed as the robin and blue-bird and
jay,
Just ceasing a moment their caroling gay,
Came peeping and hopping, with coquetries
coy,

To flit round the feet of the Little Stone Boy.

He laughed when the flowers were drooping
and dead,

And autumn was painting in gold and in
red;

And bleaker and lower the gloomy clouds
hung,

Awaking no gleam in the waters he flung—
For nothing of shadow could dim or alloy
The gladness and mirth of the Little Stone
Boy.

But soon, shaken down from the feathery
wing

Of the blast bearing onward the chilly Ice
King,

The fast whirling snow lay a covering white
Over garden and lawn. And the children at
night

Looked up with a whisper, from picture and
toy:

"He has n't a coat on—poor Little Stone Boy!"

But morning, all beaming with sparkles of light,
Brought forth in the brightness each frolicsome
wight,

To see if the spirit of winter could quell
The smile of the sprite of the fountain and
shell.

"Ho! ho! he is dressed!" cried a chorus of joy,
"And laughing as ever—the jolly Stone Boy!"

The Snow Queen had tenderly woven for him
A mantle, hung softly o'er each little limb;
An icicle coronet shone on his head—

"Jack Frost made it for him," the little ones
said.

Thus decked with the treasures of winter, he
bore

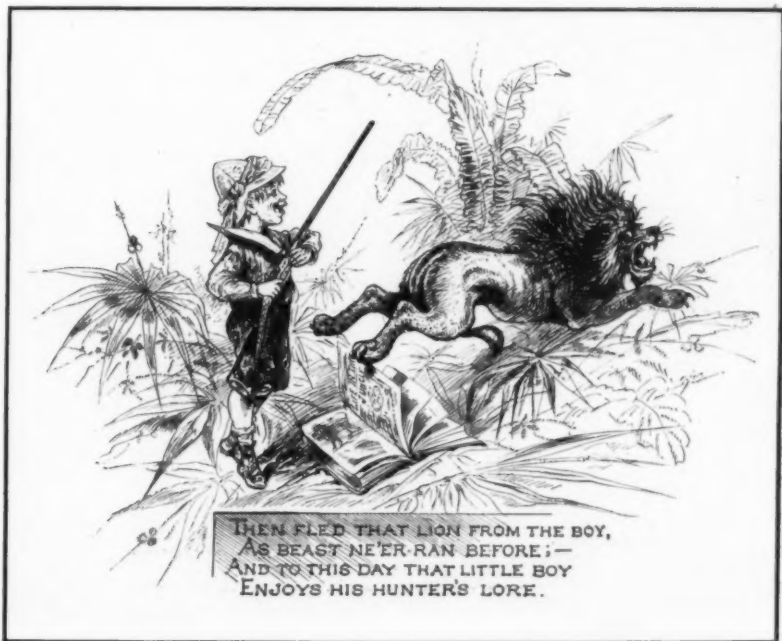
As proudly his burthen aloft as before,
And laughed at the storm which could never
destroy

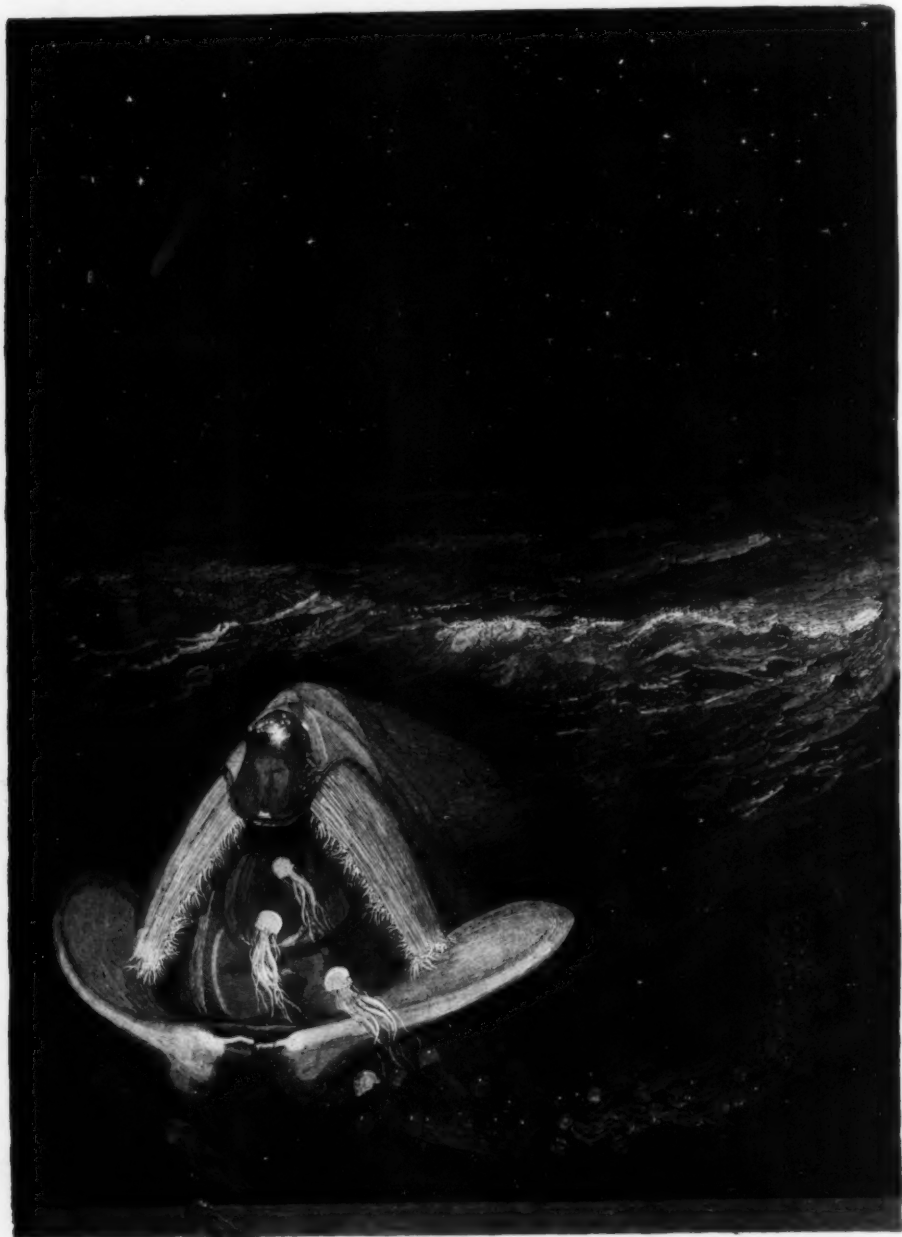
The happy, hilarious, Little Stone Boy.



THE LITTLE STONE BOY.







THE WHALEBONE-WHALE FEEDING UPON JELLY-FISHES.

A SUBMARINE FIRE-EATER.

BY JOHN R. CORVELL.

WHAT a monster of contradictions!

An animal which looks like a fish, but which is not a fish; which lives always in the water, but which can not live long under water, and which nevertheless will die on land; which has a mouth large enough to engulf at once a dozen readers of ST. NICHOLAS, but whose throat is so small that your father's fist can fill it.

A whale! Yes, a veritable giant among giants, the largest of all living creatures.

To one who does not know the reason for it, it must seem odd to say that the whale is not a fish. But, in fact, it is no more a fish than you are. A fish has cold blood, and takes the little oxygen it needs from the water by means of gills; while the whale must take its oxygen from the atmospheric air, just as you do.

You need to take oxygen into your lungs to give to your blood at very short intervals, so that you can not exist for more than two or three minutes at the utmost without breathing. Of course, it would not do for the whale to have to breathe so often, for in that case he could never stay under water long enough to secure his food, and would consequently starve.

To provide against this catastrophe the whale is enabled to charge a reservoir of blood with oxygen, and thus, with an hour's supply of aerated blood, it can dive down and remain under water until the supply is exhausted. Should it be detained after the supply is gone, it will drown as surely as your own self.

The tail is the only swimming apparatus of the whale, and by it the whale can shoot its entire body, weighing, perhaps, four hundred thousand pounds, entirely out of water. One authentic writer says he has seen a whale leap so high out of the water that he, while standing on the quarter-deck of a ship, saw the horizon under its body.

The tail is set transversely to the body, and its motion, unlike that of the same member in a fish, is up and down; and with such vigor does it move that the surrounding water is forced into a series of whirling eddies.

This tail is, moreover, the whale's chief weapon, though occasionally it does make use of its head or of its teeth, if it have the latter. Stung to fury by a harpoon, it will sometimes lash about with its tail to such purpose as to dash the stout whale-boat to pieces and hurl the inmates into the sea. As a rule, however, the whale prefers to run.

Although many whales have no teeth, the spermaceti whale, for example, has a most formidable set. With these it sometimes does terrible execution among the pursuing boats.

As may be supposed, such whales as have no teeth are properly provided for in some other way. Many of them subsist entirely upon the countless millions of jelly-fish, molluscs, and other kindred animals with which the ocean is plentifully stocked; and as they are soft and yielding, teeth are not needed either to capture or masticate them.

A net is what is needed, and this the toothless whales have. Depending from the upper jaw, which may be sixteen or seventeen feet long, is a hedge of baleen, or whale-bone, as it is commonly called. This is about ten feet long, and consists of a number of plates, solid at the upper end, but fraying out, fringe-like, at the lower end. There are about six hundred of these plates on each side of the jaw, and in a large whale their weight will be some two thousand pounds.

When the hungry giant wishes a meal, he opens wide his cavernous mouth, and letting his enormous lower lips drop down, drives through the water with all the force of his powerful tail. Millions upon millions of the tiny creatures upon which he feeds are thus taken into the gaping mouth which, when full, shuts tight.

The plates of baleen close down on the lower jaw and the prey is secure. A large volume of water has been taken in, too, however, and this must be gotten rid of in some way. The way is simple. The whale merely forces the water out through the interstices in the baleen, and the hapless fish remain to be swallowed at leisure down the throat, which is often not more than two inches in diameter.

Occasionally this habit of the whale produces a very curious and beautiful effect. Many of the soft, jelly-like creatures in which the ocean abounds shine at night with a bright, phosphorescent light; and the water, too, dashed into spray by the vigorous sweep of the monster's tail, becomes charged with the same phosphorescent glow, and lights up the sea like drops of molten silver.

Under such circumstances, when the dark giant surges through the waves with distended maw, he seems a monstrous submarine fire-eater swallowing lumps of flame and defying the wet element with showers of flaming drops, which he leaves behind him in a weird, shining wake.



CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Cheerfully.

WM. E. ASHMALL.

1. Wak - en, Chris - tian chil - dren, Up and let us sing
 2. Come, nor fear to seek Him, Chil - dren though we be.....
 3. Haste we, then, to wel - come, With a joy - ous lay,

With glad voice the prais - es Of our new - born King.
 Once He said of chil - dren, Let them come to me.
 Christ, the King of Glo - ry, Born for us this day.

PRINCE HASSAK'S MARCH.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

IN the spring of a certain year, long since passed away, Prince Hassak, of Itoby, determined to visit his uncle, the King of Yan.

"Whenever my uncle visited us," said the Prince, "or when my late father went to see him, the journey was always made by sea; and, in order to do this, it was necessary to go in a very roundabout way between Itoby and Yan. Now, I shall do nothing of this kind. It is beneath the dignity of a prince to go out of his way on account of capes, peninsulas, and promontories. I shall march from my palace to that of my uncle in a straight line. I shall go across the country, and no obstacle shall cause me to deviate from my course. Mountains and hills shall be tunneled, rivers shall be bridged, houses shall be leveled; a road shall be cut through forests; and, when I have finished my march, the course over which I have passed shall be a mathematically straight line. Thus will I show to the world that, when a prince desires to travel, it is not necessary for him to go out of his way on account of obstacles."

As soon as possible after the Prince had determined upon this march, he made his preparations, and set out. He took with him a few courtiers, and a large body of miners, rock-splitters, bridge-builders, and workmen of that class, whose services would, very probably, be needed. Besides these, he had an officer, whose duty it was to point out the direct course to be taken, and another who was to draw a map of the march, showing the towns, mountains, and the various places it passed through. There were no compasses in those days, but the course-marker had an instrument which he would set in a proper direction by means of the stars, and then he could march by it all day. Besides these persons, Prince Hassak selected from the schools of his city five boys and five girls, and took them with him. He wished to show them how, when a thing was to be done, the best way was to go straight ahead and do it, turning aside for nothing.

"When they grow up they will teach these things to their children," said he; "and thus I will instill good principles into my people."

The first day Prince Hassak marched over a level country, with no further trouble than that occasioned by the tearing down of fences and walls, and the destruction of a few cottages and barns. After encamping for the night, they set out the next morning, but had not marched many

miles before they came to a rocky hill, on the top of which was a handsome house, inhabited by a Jolly-cum-pop.

"Your Highness," said the course-marker, "in order to go in a direct line we must make a tunnel through this hill, immediately under the house. This may cause the building to fall in, but the rubbish can be easily removed."

"Let the men go to work," said the Prince. "I will dismount from my horse, and watch the proceedings."

When the Jolly-cum-pop saw the party halt before his house, he hurried out to pay his respects to the Prince. When he was informed of what was to be done, the Jolly-cum-pop could not refrain from laughing aloud.

"I never heard," he said, "of such a capital idea. It is so odd and original. It will be very funny, I am sure, to see a tunnel cut right under my house."

The miners and rock-splitters now began to work at the base of the hill, and then the Jolly-cum-pop made a proposition to the Prince.

"It will take your men some time," he said, "to cut this tunnel, and it is a pity your Highness should not be amused in the meanwhile. It is a fine day: suppose we go into the forest and hunt."

This suited the Prince very well, for he did not care about sitting under a tree and watching his workmen, and the Jolly-cum-pop having sent for his horse and some bows and arrows, the whole party, with the exception of the laborers, rode toward the forest, a short distance away.

"What shall we find to hunt?" asked the Prince of the Jolly-cum-pop.

"I really do not know," exclaimed the latter, "but we'll hunt whatever we happen to see—deer, small birds, rabbits, griffins, rhinoceroses, anything that comes along. I feel as gay as a skipping grasshopper. My spirits rise like a soaring bird. What a joyful thing it is to have such a splendid hunt on such a glorious day!"

The gay and happy spirits of the Jolly-cum-pop affected the whole party, and they rode merrily through the forest; but they found no game; and, after an hour or two, they emerged into the open country again. At a distance, on a slight elevation, stood a large and massive building.

"I am hungry and thirsty," said the Prince, "and perhaps we can get some refreshments at

yonder house. So far, this has not been a very fine hunt."

"No," cried the Jolly-cum-pop, "not yet. But what a joyful thing to see a hospitable mansion just at the moment when we begin to feel a little tired and hungry!"

The building they were approaching belonged to a Potentate, who lived at a great distance. In some of his travels he had seen this massive house, and thought it would make a good prison. He accordingly bought it, fitted it up as a jail, and appointed a jailer and three myrmidons to take charge of it. This had occurred years before, but no prisoners had ever been sent to this jail. A few days preceding the Jolly-cum-pop's hunt, the Potentate had journeyed this way and had stopped at his jail. After inquiring into its condition, he had said to the jailer:

"It is now fourteen years since I appointed you to this place, and in all that time there have been no prisoners, and you and your men have been drawing your wages without doing anything. I shall return this way in a few days, and if I still find you idle I shall discharge you all and close the jail."

This filled the jailer with great dismay, for he did not wish to lose his good situation. When he saw the Prince and his party approaching, the thought struck him that perhaps he might make prisoners of them, and so not be found idle when the Potentate returned. He came out to meet the hunters, and when they asked if they could here find refreshment, he gave them a most cordial welcome. His men took their horses, and, inviting them to enter, he showed each member of the party into a small bedroom, of which there seemed to be a great many.

"Here are water and towels," he said to each one, "and when you have washed your faces and hands, your refreshments will be ready." Then, going out, he locked the door on the outside.

The party numbered seventeen: the Prince, three courtiers, five boys, five girls, the course-marker, the map-maker, and the Jolly-cum-pop. The heart of the jailer was joyful; seventeen inmates was something to be proud of. He ordered his myrmidons to give the prisoners a meal of bread and water through the holes in their cell-doors, and then he sat down to make out his report to the Potentate.

"They must all be guilty of crimes," he said to himself, "which are punished by long imprisonment. I don't want any of them executed."

So he numbered his prisoners from one to seventeen, according to the cell each happened to be in, and he wrote a crime opposite each number. The first was highway robbery, the next forgery, and

after that followed treason, smuggling, barn-burning, bribery, poaching, usury, piracy, witchcraft, assault and battery, using false weights and measures, burglary, counterfeiting, robbing hen-roosts, conspiracy, and poisoning his grandmother by proxy.

This report was scarcely finished when the Potentate returned. He was very much surprised to find that seventeen prisoners had come in since his previous visit, and he read the report with interest.

"Here is one who ought to be executed," he said, referring to Number Seventeen. "And how did he poison his grandmother by proxy? Did he get another woman to be poisoned in her stead? Or did he employ some one to act in his place as the poisoner?"

"I have not yet been fully informed, my lord," said the jailer, fearful that he should lose a prisoner; "but this is his first offense, and his grandmother, who did not die, has testified to his general good character."

"Very well," said the Potentate; "but if he ever does it again, let him be executed; and, by the way, I should like to see the prisoners."

Thereupon the jailer conducted the Potentate along the corridors, and let him look through the holes in the doors at the prisoners within.

"What is this little girl in for?" he asked.

The jailer looked at the number over the door, and then at his report.

"Piracy," he answered.

"A strange offense for such a child," said the Potentate.

"They often begin that sort of thing very early in life," said the jailer.

"And this fine gentleman," said the Potentate, looking in at the Prince, "what did he do?"

The jailer glanced at the number, and the report.

"Robbed hen-roosts," he said.

"He must have done a good deal of it to afford to dress so well," said the Potentate, passing on, and looking into other cells. "It seems to me that a great many of your prisoners are very young."

"It is best to take them young, my lord," said the jailer. "They are very hard to catch when they grow up."

The Potentate then looked in at the Jolly-cum-pop, and asked what was his offense.

"Conspiracy," was the answer.

"And where are the other conspirators?"

"There was only one," said the jailer.

Number Seventeen was the oldest of the courtiers.

"He appears to be an elderly man to have a

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grandmother," said the Potentate. "She must be very aged, and that makes it all the worse for him. I think he should be executed."

"Oh, no, my lord," cried the jailer. "I am assured that his crime was quite unintentional."

kicked and banged and shouted until they were tired, but the jailer had informed them that they were to be confined there for years; and when the Potentate arrived they had resigned themselves to despair. The Jolly-cum-pop, however, was

affected in a different way. It seemed to him the most amusing joke in the world that a person should deliberately walk into a prison-cell and be locked up for several years; and he lay down on his little bed and laughed himself to sleep.

That night one of the boys sat at his iron-barred window, wide awake. He was a Truant, and had never yet been in any place from which he could not run away. He felt that his school-fellows depended upon him to run away

and bring them assistance, and he knew that his reputation as a Truant was at stake. His responsibility was so heavy that he could not sleep, and he sat at the window, trying to think of a way to get out. After some hours the moon arose, and by its light he saw upon the grass, not far from his window, a number of little creatures, which at first he took for birds or small squirrels; but on looking more attentively he perceived that they were pigwidgeons, a kind of fairy, about six inches high. They were standing around a flat stone, and seemed to be making calculations on it with a piece of chalk. At this sight, the heart of the Truant jumped for joy. "Fairies

can do anything," he said to himself, "and these certainly can get us out." He now tried in various ways to attract the attention of the pigwidgeons; but as he was afraid to call or whistle very loud, for fear of arousing the jailer, he did not succeed. Happily, he thought of a pea-shooter which he had in his pocket, and taking this out he blew a pea into the midst of the little group with such force that it knocked the chalk from the hand of the pigwidgeon who was using it. The little fellows looked up in astonishment, and perceived the Truant beckoning to them from his window. At first they stood angrily regarding him; but on his urg-



THE TRUANT AND THE PIGWIDGEONS.

"Then he should be set free," said the Potentate.

"I mean to say," said the jailer, "that it was just enough intentional to cause him to be imprisoned here for a long time, but not enough to deserve execution."

"Very well," said the Potentate, turning to leave; "take good care of your prisoners, and send me a report every month."

"That will I do, my lord," said the jailer, bowing very low.

The Prince and his party had been very much surprised and incensed when they found that they could not get out of their rooms, and they had

ing them in a loud whisper to come to his relief, they approached the prison and, clambering up a vine, soon reached his window-sill. The Truant now told his mournful tale, to which the pigwidgeons listened very attentively; and then, after a little consultation among themselves, one of them said: "We will get you out if you will tell us how to divide five-sevenths by six."

The poor Truant was silent for an instant, and then he said: "That is not the kind of thing I am good at, but I expect some of the other fellows could tell you easily enough. Our windows must be all in a row, and you can climb up and ask some of them; and if any one tells you, will you get us all out?"

"Yes," said the pigwidgeon who had spoken before. "We will do that, for we are very anxious to know how to divide five-sevenths by six. We have been working at it for four or five days, and there won't be anything worth dividing if we wait much longer."

The pigwidgeons now began to descend the vine; but one of them lingering a little, the Truant, who had a great deal of curiosity, asked him what it was they had to divide.

"There were eight of us," the pigwidgeon answered, "who helped a farmer's wife, and she gave us a pound of butter. She did not count us properly, and divided the butter into seven parts. We did not notice this at first, and two of the party, who were obliged to go away to a distance, took their portions and departed, and now we can not divide among six the five-sevenths that remain."

"That is a pretty hard thing," said the Truant, "but I am sure some of the boys can tell you how to do it."

The pigwidgeons visited the four next cells, which were occupied by four boys, but not one of them could tell how to divide five-sevenths by six. The Prince was questioned, but he did not know; and neither did the course-marker, nor the map-maker. It was not until they came to the cell of the oldest girl that they received an answer. She was good at mental arithmetic; and, after a minute's thought, she said, "It would be five forty-seconds."

"Good!" cried the pigwidgeons. "We will divide the butter into forty-two parts, and each take five. And now let us go to work and cut these bars."

Three of the six pigwidgeons were workers in iron, and they had their little files and saws in pouches by their sides. They went to work manfully, and the others helped them, and before morning one bar was cut in each of the seventeen windows. The cells were all on the ground floor,

and it was quite easy for the prisoners to clamber out. That is, it was easy for all but the Jolly-cum-pop. He had laughed so much in his life that he had grown quite fat, and he found it impossible to squeeze himself through the opening made by the removal of one window-bar. The sixteen other prisoners had all departed; the pigwidgeons had hurried away to divide their butter into forty-two parts, and the Jolly-cum-pop still remained in his cell, convulsed with laughter at the idea of being caught in such a curious predicament.

"It is the most ridiculous thing in the world," he said. "I suppose I must stay here and cry until I get thin." And the idea so tickled him, that he laughed himself to sleep.

The Prince and his party kept together, and hurried from the prison as fast as they could. When the day broke they had gone several miles, and then they stopped to rest. "Where is that Jolly-cum-pop?" said the Prince. "I suppose he has run home as fast as he could. He is a pretty fellow to lead us into this trouble and then desert us! How are we to find the way back to his house? Course-marker, can you tell us the direction in which we should go?"

"Not until to-night, your Highness," answered the course-marker, "when I can set my instrument by the stars."

The Prince's party was now in a doleful plight. Every one was very hungry; they were in an open plain, no house was visible, and they knew not which way to go. They wandered about for some time, looking for a brook or a spring where they might quench their thirst; and then a rabbit sprang out from some bushes. The whole party immediately started off in pursuit of the rabbit. They chased it here, there, backward and forward, through hollows and over hills, until it ran quite away and disappeared. Then they were more tired, thirsty, and hungry than before; and, to add to their miseries, when night came on the sky was cloudy, and the course-marker could not set his instrument by the stars. It would be difficult to find sixteen more miserable people than the Prince and his companions when they awoke the next morning from their troubled sleep on the hard ground. Nearly starved to death, they gazed at one another with feelings of despair.

"I feel," said the Prince, in a weak voice, "that there is nothing I would not do to obtain food. I would willingly become a slave if my master would give me a good breakfast."

"So would I," ejaculated each one of the others.

About an hour after this, as they were all sitting disconsolately upon the ground, they saw, slowly approaching, a large cart drawn by a pair of oxen. On the front of the cart, which seemed to be

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heavily loaded, sat a man, with a red beard, reading a book. The boys, when they saw the cart, set up a feeble shout, and the man, lifting his eyes from his book, drove directly toward the group on

the marks of earnest thought. Standing for a minute in a reflective mood, he addressed the Prince in a slow, meditative manner: "How would you like," he said, "to form a nucleus?"



"AND HERE IS ONE WHO OUGHT TO BE EXECUTED!"
SAID THE POTENTATE, REFERRING TO THE SEVENTEENTH PRISONER."

the ground. Dismounting, he approached Prince Hassak, who immediately told him his troubles and implored relief. "We will do anything," said the Prince, "to obtain food."

The man with the red beard had upon his brow

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"Can we get anything to eat by it?" eagerly asked the Prince.

"Yes," replied the man, "you can."

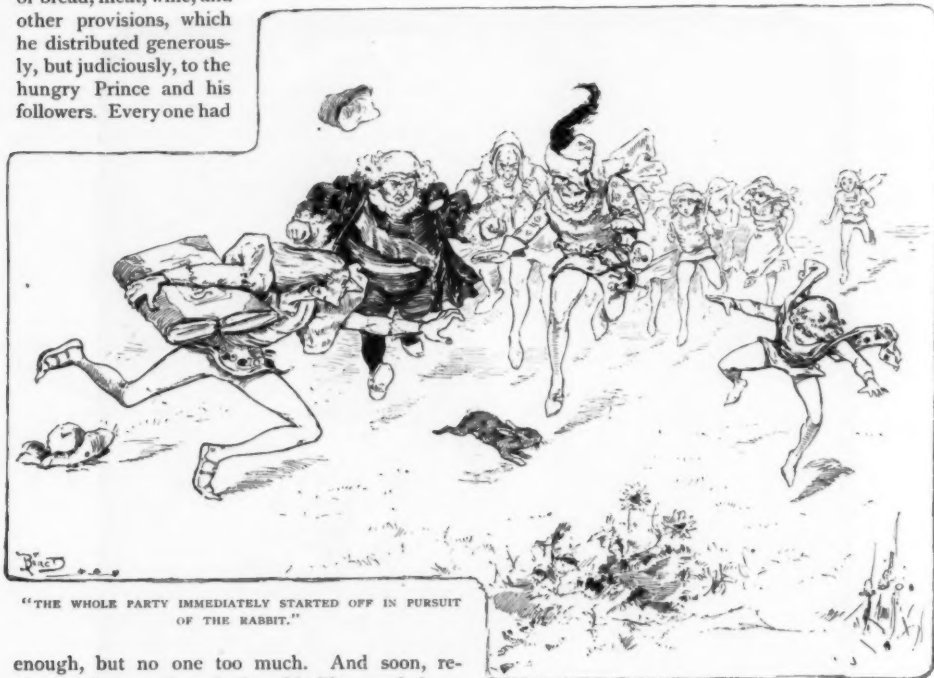
"We 'll do it!" immediately cried the whole sixteen, without waiting for further information.

"Which will you do first," said the man, "listen to my explanations, or eat?"

"Eat!" cried the entire sixteen in chorus.

The man now produced from his cart a quantity of bread, meat, wine, and other provisions, which he distributed generously, but judiciously, to the hungry Prince and his followers. Every one had

the red beard, "to build dwellings, and also a school-house for these young people. Then we must till some ground in the suburbs, and lay the foundations, at least, of a few public buildings."



"THE WHOLE PARTY IMMEDIATELY STARTED OFF IN PURSUIT OF THE RABBIT."

enough, but no one too much. And soon, revived and strengthened, they felt like new beings.

"Now," said the Prince, "we are ready to form a nucleus, as we promised. How is it done?"

"I will explain the matter to you in a few words," said the man with the red beard and the thoughtful brow. "For a long time I have been desirous to found a city. In order to do this one must begin by forming a nucleus. Every great city is started from a nucleus. A few persons settle down in some particular spot, and live there. Then they are a nucleus. Then other people come there, and gather around this nucleus, and then more people come and more, until in course of time there is a great city. I have loaded this cart with provisions, tools, and other things that are necessary for my purpose, and have set out to find some people who would be willing to form a nucleus. I am very glad to have found you and that you are willing to enter into my plan; and this seems a good spot for us to settle upon."

"What is the first thing to be done?" said the Prince.

"We must all go to work," said the man with

"All this will take a good while, will it not?" said the Prince.

"Yes," said the man, "it will take a good while; and the sooner we set about it, the better."

Thereupon tools were distributed among the party, and Prince, courtiers, boys, girls, and all went to work to build houses and form the nucleus of a city.

When the jailer looked into his cells in the morning, and found that all but one of his prisoners had escaped, he was utterly astounded, and his face, when the Jolly-cum-pop saw him, made that individual roar with laughter. The jailer, however, was a man accustomed to deal with emergencies. "You need not laugh," he said, "everything shall go on as before, and I shall take no notice of the absence of your companions. You are now numbers One to Seventeen inclusive, and you stand charged with highway robbery, forgery, treason, smuggling, barn-burning, bribery, poaching, usury, piracy, witchcraft, assault and battery, using

false weights and measures, burglary, counterfeiting, robbing hen-roosts, conspiracy, and poisoning your grandmother by proxy. I intended to-day to dress the convicts in prison garb, and you shall immediately be so clothed."

"I shall require seventeen suits," said the Jolly-cum-pop.

"Yes," said the jailer, "they shall be furnished."

"And seventeen rations a day," said the Jolly-cum-pop.

"Certainly," replied the jailer.

"This is luxury," roared the Jolly-cum-pop. "I shall spend my whole time in eating and putting on clean clothes."

Seventeen large prison suits were now brought to the Jolly-cum-pop. He put one on and hung up the rest in his cell. These suits were half bright yellow and half bright green, with spots of bright red, as big as saucers.

The jailer now had doors cut from one cell to another. "If the Potentate comes here and wants to look at the prisoners," he said to the Jolly-cum-pop, "you must appear in cell number One, so that he can look through the hole in the door, and see you; then, as he walks along the corridor, you must walk through the cells, and whenever he looks into a cell, you must be there."

"He will think," merrily replied the Jolly-cum-pop, "that all your prisoners are very fat, and that the little girls have grown up into big men."

"I will endeavor to explain that," said the jailer.

For several days the Jolly-cum-pop was highly amused at the idea of his being seventeen criminals, and he would sit first in one cell and then in another, trying to look like a ferocious pirate, a hard-hearted usurer, or a mean-spirited chicken thief, and laughing heartily at his failures. But, after a time, he began to tire of this, and to have a strong desire to see what sort of a tunnel the Prince's miners and rock-splitters were making under his house. "I had hoped," he said to himself, "that I should pine away in confinement, and so be able to get through the window-bars; but with nothing to do, and seventeen rations a day, I see no hope of that. But I must get out of this jail, and, as there seems no other way, I will revolt." Thereupon he shouted to the jailer through the hole in the door of his cell: "We have revolted! We have risen in a body, and have determined to resist your authority, and break jail!"

When the jailer heard this, he was greatly troubled. "Do not proceed to violence," he said; "let us parley."

"Very well," replied the Jolly-cum-pop, "but you must open the cell door. We can not parley through a hole."

The jailer thereupon opened the cell door, and the Jolly-cum-pop, having wrapped sixteen suits of clothes around his left arm as a shield, and holding in his right hand the iron bar which had been cut from his window, stepped boldly into the corridor, and confronted the jailer and his myrmidons.

"It will be useless for you to resist," he said.

"You are but four, and we are seventeen. If you had been wise you would have made us all cheating shop-keepers, chicken thieves, or usurers. Then you might have been able to control us; but when you see before you a desperate highwayman, a daring smuggler, a blood-thirsty pirate, a wily poacher, a powerful ruffian, a reckless burglar, a bold conspirator, and a murderer by proxy, you well may tremble."

The jailer and his myrmidons looked at each other in dismay.

"We sigh for no blood," continued the Jolly-cum-pop, "and will readily agree to terms. We will give you your choice: Will you allow us to honorably surrender, and peacefully disperse to our homes, or shall we rush upon you in a body, and, after overpowering you by numbers, set fire to the jail, and escape through the crackling timbers of the burning pile?"

The jailer reflected for a minute. "It would be better, perhaps," he said, "that you should surrender and disperse to your homes."

The Jolly-cum-pop agreed to these terms, and the great gate being opened, he marched out in good order. "Now," said he to himself, "the thing for me to do is to get home as fast as I can, or that jailer may change his mind." But, being in a great hurry, he turned the wrong way, and walked rapidly into a country unknown to him. His walk was a very merry one. "By this time," he said to himself, "the Prince and his followers have returned to my house, and are tired of watching the rock-splitters and miners. How amused they will be when they see me return in this gay suit of green and yellow, with red spots, and with sixteen similar suits upon my arm! How my own dogs will bark at me! And how my own servants won't know me! It is the funniest thing I ever knew of!" And his gay laugh echoed far and wide. But when he had gone several miles without seeing any signs of his habitation, his gayety abated. "It would have been much better," he said, as he sat down to rest under the shade of a tree, "if I had brought with me sixteen rations instead of these sixteen suits of clothes." As he said this, he heard six small laughs, which seemed to be near him, and, looking around, he perceived in a little pathway, which passed under the trees, six pigwidgeons, each carrying five little earthen

pots, one on the head, one under each arm, and one in each hand. As he looked at them, the pots on the heads of the pigwidgeons were so shaken by the laughter of the little creatures, that every one of them fell to the ground, and was broken to pieces.

"Now, then," cried one of the pigwidgeons, "see what you have made us do! The idea of a man wearing such clothes as those you have on, and having besides sixteen other suits of the same kind, is so ridiculous that we could not help laughing. And now each of us has broken a pot."

"What do you want with so many little pots?" asked the Jolly-cum-pop.

"Each of us," answered the pigwidgeon, "has five forty-seconds of a pound of butter, which we wish to pot down for the winter. We have had these butter-pots made, each of which holds a forty-second of a pound, and now six of them are broken. It is too bad!"

"Where is your butter?" asked the Jolly-cum-pop.

"It is in a cool spring, near

I will repay you with two pounds of the best butter. This will save you the trouble of keeping it through the summer, and you will profit by the bargain."

The pigwidgeons agreed to this plan, and conducted the Jolly-cum-pop to the spring, where he found the piece of nice fresh butter.

"I have been told," said he, "that a hungry man



here," said the pigwidgeon, "and wrapped in large green leaves, but we wished to pot it down before the very hot weather came on. And now, alas —"

"Do not repine," interrupted the Jolly-cum-pop. "I will make you a proposition. I am very hungry, and must have something to eat. Give me your butter, and if you will come to my house in the autumn,

would eat bread without butter, and I suppose the rule will work both ways." And, thereupon, he ate

"THE JOLLY-CUM-POP MARCHED OUT IN GOOD ORDER."

the butter. "It is not a rule," he said, when he had finished, "that I would care about following very often, but there is a great deal of nutriment in butter, and I will not complain."

"Where is your house?" asked a pigwidgeon.

"That is what I am trying to find out," he answered. "But of one thing I am certain; it is not a day's journey from the prison where you sawed out the window-bars. Inquire for the Jolly-cum-pop and all will be right."

"Very well," said the pigwidgeons, "we shall find you." And they departed, each carrying four little butter-pots.

The Jolly-cum-pop now set out again, but he walked a long distance without seeing any person or any house. Toward the close of the afternoon he stopped, and, looking back, he saw coming toward him a large party of foot travelers. In a few moments, he perceived that the person in advance was the jailer. At this the Jolly-cum-pop could not restrain his merriment. "How comically it has all turned out!" he exclaimed. "Here I've taken all this trouble, and tired myself out, and eaten butter without bread, and the jailer comes now, with a crowd of people, and takes me back. I might as well have staid where I was. Ha! ha!"

The jailer now left his party and came running toward the Jolly-cum-pop. "I pray you, sir," he said, bowing very low, "do not cast us off."

"Who are you all?" asked the Jolly-cum-pop, looking with much surprise at the jailer's companions, who were now quite near.

"We are myself, my three myrmidons, and our wives and children. Our situations were such good ones that we married long ago, and our families lived in the upper stories of the prison. But when all the convicts had left we were afraid to remain, for, should the Potentate again visit the prison, he would be disappointed and enraged at finding no prisoners, and would, probably, punish us grievously. So we determined to follow you, and to ask you to let us go with you, wherever you are going. I wrote a report, which I fastened to the great gate, and in it I stated that sixteen of the convicts escaped by the aid of outside confederates, and that seventeen of them mutinied in a body and broke jail."

"That report," laughed the Jolly-cum-pop, "your Potentate will not readily understand."

"If I were there," said the jailer, "I could explain it to him; but, as it is, he must work it out for himself."

"Have you anything to eat with you?" asked the Jolly-cum-pop.

"Oh, yes," said the jailer, "we brought provisions."

"Well, then, I gladly take you under my pro-

tection. Let us have supper. I have had nothing to eat since morning but thirty forty-seconds of a pound of butter."

The Jolly-cum-pop and his companions slept that night under some trees, and started off early the next morning. "If I could only get myself turned in the proper direction," said he, "I believe we should soon reach my house."

The Prince, his courtiers, the boys and girls, the course-marker, and the map-maker worked industriously for several days at the foundation of their city. They dug the ground, they carried stones, they cut down trees. This work was very hard for all of them, for they were not used to it. After a few days' labor, the Prince said to the man with the red beard, who was reading his book: "I think we have now formed a nucleus. Any one can see that this is intended to be a city."

"No," said the man, shading his thoughtful brow with a green umbrella, "nothing is truly a nucleus until something is gathered around it. Proceed with your work, while I continue my studies upon civil government."

Toward the close of that day the red-bearded man raised his eyes from his book and beheld the Jolly-cum-pop and his party approaching. "Hurrah!" he cried, "we are already attracting settlers!" And he went forth to meet them.

When the Prince and the courtiers saw the Jolly-cum-pop in his bright and variegated dress, they did not know him; but the boys and girls soon recognized his jovial face, and, tired as they were, they set up a hearty laugh, in which they were loudly joined by their merry friend. While the Jolly-cum-pop was listening to the adventures of the Prince and his companions, and telling what had happened to himself, the man with the thoughtful brow was talking to the jailer and his party, and urging them to gather around the nucleus which had been here formed, and help to build a city.

"Nothing will suit us better," exclaimed the jailer, "and the sooner we build a town wall so as to keep off the Potentate, if he should come this way, the better shall we be satisfied."

The next morning, the Prince said to the red-bearded man: "Others have gathered around us. We have formed a nucleus, and thus have done all that we promised to do. We shall now depart."

The man objected strongly to this, but the Prince paid no attention to his words. "What troubles me most," he said to the Jolly-cum-pop, "is the disgraceful condition of our clothes. They have been so torn and soiled during our unaccustomed work that they are not fit to be seen."

"As for that," said the Jolly-cum-pop, "I have sixteen suits with me, in which you can all dress,

if you like. They are of unusual patterns, but they are new and clean."

"It is better," said the Prince, "for persons in my station to appear inordinately gay than to be seen in rags and dirt. We will accept your clothes."

Thereupon, the Prince and each of the others put on a prison dress of bright green and yellow, with large red spots. There were some garments left over, for each boy wore only a pair of trousers with the waistband tied around his neck, and holes cut for his arms; while the large jackets, with the sleeves tucked, made very good dresses for the girls. The Prince and his party, accompanied by the Jolly-cum-pop, now left the red-bearded man and his new settlers to continue the building of the city, and set off anew on their journey. The course-marker had not been informed the night before that they were to go away that morning, and consequently did not set his instrument by the stars.

"As we do not know in which way we should go," said the Prince, "one way will be as good as another, and if we can find a road let us take it; it will be easier walking."

In an hour or two they found a road and they took it. After journeying the greater part of the day, they reached the top of a low hill, over which the road ran, and saw before them a glittering sea and the spires and houses of a city.

"It is the city of Yan," said the course-marker.

"That is true," said the Prince; "and as we are so near, we may as well go there."

The astonishment of the people of Yan, when this party, dressed in bright green and yellow, with red spots, passed through their streets, was so great that the Jolly-cum-pop roared with laughter. This set the boys and girls and all the people laughing, and the sounds of merriment became

so uproarious that when they reached the palace the King came out to see what was the matter.

What he thought when he saw his nephew in his fantastic guise, accompanied by what seemed to be sixteen other lunatics, can not now be known; but, after hearing the Prince's story, he took him into an inner apartment, and thus addressed him: "My dear Hassak: The next time you pay me a visit, I beg that, for your sake and my own, you will come in the ordinary way. You have sufficiently shown to the world that, when a Prince desires to travel, it is often necessary for him to go out of his way on account of obstacles."

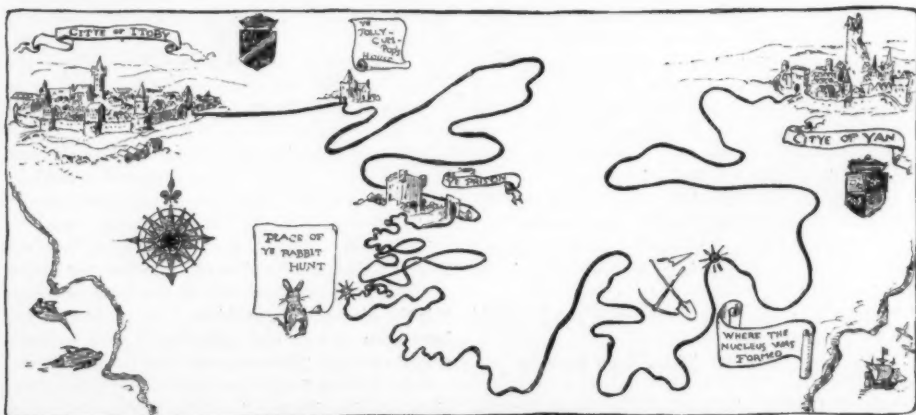
"My dear uncle," replied Hassak, "your words shall not be forgotten."

After a pleasant visit of a few weeks, the Prince and his party (in new clothes) returned (by sea) to Itoby, whence the Jolly-cum-pop soon repaired to his home. There he found the miners and rock-splitters still at work at the tunnel, which had now penetrated half-way through the hill on which stood his house. "You may go home," he said, "for the Prince has changed his plans. I will put a door to this tunnel, and it will make a splendid cellar in which to keep my wine and provisions."

When the pigwidgeons came to see him in the autumn, he took from this cellar two pounds of butter and a large comb of honey, and gave it to them, at which they were greatly delighted, although they had to make several journeys to carry it home.

The day after the Prince's return his map-maker said to him: "Your Highness, according to your commands I made, each day, a map of your progress to the city of Yan. Here it is."

The Prince glanced at it and then he cast his eyes upon the floor. "Leave me," he said. "I would be alone."



THE MAP OF THE PRINCE'S JOURNEY FROM ITOBY TO YAN.

THE TWO PUSSIES.

BY PHIL. ROBINSON.

This little pussy got no fish at dinner
 So you see she's growing thinner and thinner
 Ah! things has got to a terrible pitch!

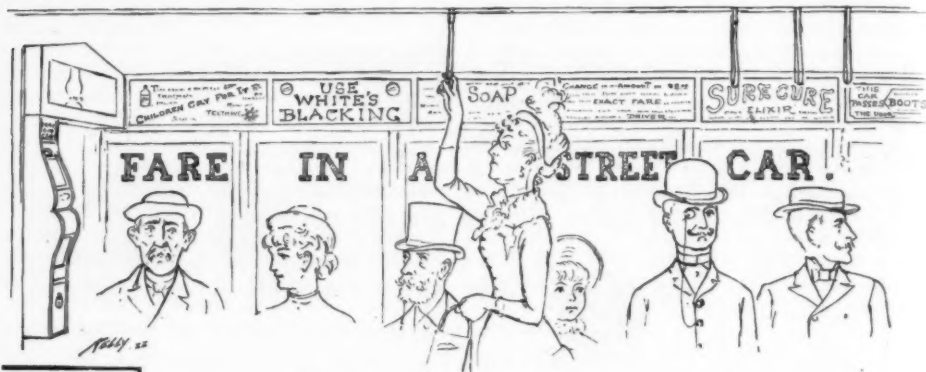
This little pussy asleep by the platter,
 Ate too much fish and got fatter va fatter,
 Ah! things had got to a terrible pitch!

Now it chanced one day
 That little Miss May
 (And here is the moral I teach)
 Divided the fishes
 In two little dishes
 And gave a half to each.

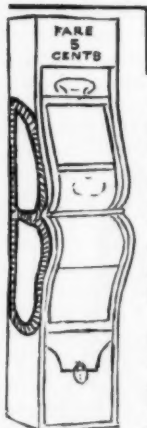
Then the thin little pussy grew fat on her dippers,
 And the fat little pussy got a little bit thinner;
 Till you couldn't tell
 ~which~ ~frow~ ~which~.

Thos. Dean





BY CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.



IDDING good-bye to my family, I started one fine morning on a journey in a horse-railway car. People begin journeys nowadays with little preparation and on slight resources, and think no more of travel across a great city and into the suburbs than they formerly did of a tour around the garden.

To a person not much accustomed to travel, there is a mild excitement in getting on board of a street-car; it is in the nature of an adventure. The roar of the wheels in the iron track, the cheer-

ful jingling of the bells, the effort to attract the attention of the driver, who, with one hand on the brake and the other controlling his fiery steeds, is always looking for a belated and hurrying passenger up the wrong street; the scant courtesy of the conductor, who watches, with his hand on the bell-pull, the placing of your foot on the step in order to give you the little shock necessary to settle your ideas—this mere getting on board has its pleasing anxieties and surprises. And then there is always the curiosity as to your fellow-passengers, and the advantage in studying character in a vehicle where people usually think it unnecessary to conceal their real natures. I have noticed that the first-comers in a car seem to think they have a sort of property in it, and they resent with a stare of surprise the entrance of the last-comer as if his right to a seat depended upon their courtesy. In no other conveyance, I think, does one so perfectly realize how queer people are. Nowhere else, perhaps, is ugliness and oddity and eccentricity in dress such an offense. And then the passengers, ugly as they

may be, are so indifferent to your opinion. It is something amazing, the conceit of ugly people.

The car which I entered was nearly full—no car is ever full. It was one of the short cars called by the light-minded "bob-tailed," having one horse and no conductor—one of the contrivances that presumes upon the honesty of everybody except the driver. The car was dirty; but as this is the only dirty line in the United States it would be ill-natured to mention its name and city; besides, it is unnecessary to do so, as no doubt most of my readers have been on it. I was interested in studying the legends in English and German posted above the windows. They related, mostly, to diseases and the benefit of soap applied. There were also directions about negotiating with the driver for change, and one, many times repeated, and written over the fare-box by the door, requested the passenger to "put the exact fare in the box." This legend always annoys me by its narrowness and petty dictation. Often I do not feel like being bound by this iron rule; sometimes I would like to put in more, sometimes less, than the exact five cents. But no allowance is made for different moods and varying financial conditions. I often wonder if this rule is founded on real justice in the bosom of the company, and whether it would be as anxious to seek out the traveler who should by chance overpay and restore the excess, as it is to follow him when he puts in too little. If this is not the meaning of "exact," then the company is more anxious to make money than to do justice. I do not suppose this is so, but there is one suspicious thing about a horse-car. The floor is sometimes a grating, and straw is spread on this, so that if the passenger, who is often nervous and obliged to pass his fare from hand to hand to the box, lets it drop in the straw, he never can find it.

This plan of a double floor is adopted in the United States Mint, and the sweepings of the gold amount to a considerable sum. I wonder if the sweepings of the horse-cars go to the driver, or if the company collect them in order to put them in the nearest "poor-box."

The car in which I had taken passage did not differ from others in any of the above respects. The passengers seemed to have self-selected themselves with the usual regard to variety and the difficulty of fitting themselves and their baskets and packages into the seats—so many people start to travel in the horse-car as if they expected to have all the room to themselves, and a good many do have it, in point of fact. But I had not been seated long, letting the directions about the fare run around in my brain with their dreadful and idiotic iteration (I wonder how long a person could keep sane if he were shut up in a horse-car, compelled to read these legends; for he always is compelled to read them, however well he knows them),—I had not been seated long when I noticed a new legend posted over the fare-box. It read:

NO FARE TAKEN THAT HAS NOT BEEN EARNED.

And then I saw, standing by the box, an official whom I had never seen in a car before. I knew he was an official, not from any badge he wore, but from his unmistakable official air. He was a slender, polite young fellow, with cool gray eyes, a resolute nose, and a mouth that denoted firmness, tempered by an engaging smile. I should think that a locomotive engineer who was a member of the Young Men's Christian Association might look as he did.

I wondered what the young man was stationed there for; but his office became apparent when the first passenger stepped forward to deposit his exact fare in the box; he was to enforce the new regulation—"No fare taken that has not been earned." It struck me as an odd stand for a company to take; but I have for some time been convinced that these great corporations, which are called monopolies, are moral and benevolent asso-

ciations in disguise, seeking to elevate the condition of their fellow-men, and studying devices for the public good that will keep down dividends. I got this idea from the recent examinations of the railway and telegraph magnates by the Senate Committee.

The first person who went forward to deposit her fare was a bright-faced school-girl. She evidently had not read the new legend,—since, in our day, school-children are taught not to observe anything outside of their text-books,—and she was surprised when the attendant at the box arrested her hand and asked:

"Did you earn that five cents?"

The girl started, but quickly recovered her presence of mind, and replied:

"Yes, sir; I earned it by going without butter, to get money to send to the poor heathen."

The official looked surprised, but asked kindly:

"Why don't you give it to the heathen, then, instead of spending it to ride about the city?"

"Oh," said the little girl, with that logical readiness which distinguishes the American woman at the tenderest age,—“oh, I did n't eat so much more butter than Mother expected, that I earned more than enough for the heathen, and I have some for myself."



This really ingenious reply puzzled the young man for a moment; but he shook his head, and said that this way of making profit out of self-sacrifice under the guise of benevolence would

have a bad effect on the character in the long run. She was no doubt a nice girl, but she would have to walk the rest of the way, for the company could not think of taking money that might, at the final day, be claimed by the heathen. She got out, with a little ruffled manner, and I watched her make her way straight to a candy-shop.

The next person who stepped up to the box was one of the most pleasing men we meet in modern society, neatly dressed, with a frank, open, unabashed face, a hearty manner, and an insinuating smile. With a confident air, born of long impunity in a patient community, without condescending to look at the box-keeper, he put out his hand toward the box.

"Excuse me," said the keeper, "how did you earn it?"

"Earn it?" repeated the man, in imperturbable good humor. "As everybody earns money nowadays—by talking. By persuading people to look out for their own interests; by showing the uncertainty of life, the probability of accidents, and the necessity of providing for the family. Are you insured?"

"Yes; I believe in insurance. It is the practical benevolent institution of the century. It counteracts the natural improvidence of human nature. Yours is a noble profession. Insurance is a little dear, however. Now, there 's your diamond pin. It is ornamental, but to me it represents too high a percentage on the insured. I've got a big insurance, but I suppose you make more in one year than my family will get at my death on the savings of a life-time. I don't doubt you talk enough to earn your money, but I'm obliged to consider the time of other people you consume, in talking, as an offset, and your account with the world is already overdrawn. I shall save somebody's time to-day if I compel you to walk the remainder of your journey."

This was most surprising talk from a horse-car official, and I saw that the passengers began to look uneasy at it.

The next one who got up was, I saw by his dress and manner, an easy-going farmer. The official, who appeared to know all about everybody at a glance, and to have the power of compelling the exact truth from everybody, at once said:

"Oh! you have a farm in the suburbs. Do you work at it yourself?"

"Well, I sorter look after things, and pay the hands."

"How much time do you spend at the store and the post-office, talking?"

"Oh! I have to be around to keep watch of the

markets and see what 's going on. *She* aint no hand to do business."

"Who makes the butter and cheese?"

"She does that."

"Who cooks for the hired men?"

"Of course, she cooks."

"And does the washing, I suppose, and the house-work generally, and sews in the evening, and looks after the children. Don't you think she earns most of the money?"

"I never looked at it in that light. It 's my farm. She never complains."

"I dare say not. But you go home, and let her come and ride in the horse-car for a change."

As the farmer got out, looking a little sheepish, a smartly dressed young fellow stepped forward



and offered his fare. He was stopped by the sharp question:

"Where did you get that five cents?"

"Got it of the gov'n'r."

"And the governor is —"

"He 's a carpenter."

"And a good one, I hear."

"You bet. It 's a cold day when he gets left on a job."

"And you are in school, 'I see. Are you in the high school?"

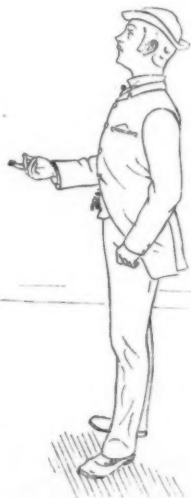
"No; I did n't pass."

"I thought so. You have n't time for study."

I've seen you around the streets at night with other young hoodlums. Do you work with your father, out of school?"

"Not much. See here, old fellow, you know how it is; a fellow's got to play lawn tennis, and see all the base-ball matches, and go to the races and the minstrels, with the other fellows, else he aint nowhere."

"You are right, my boy. You are a product of your age. But in future you'll have to walk to these shows, so far as this company is concerned." The fellow got down. As he stepped on the sidewalk he gave a long, shrill whistle, and was at once joined by another fellow



of like nature, and the two loafed along up the street, staring in at the shop-windows, and ogling all the girls they met.

The passengers by this time seemed a little reluctant to come forward, but the driver's bell jingled sharply, and a rather pretty young woman, with a care-worn face, timidly offered her money. There was a

look of compassion on the official's face that I had not seen before as he asked her occupation.

"I make shirts, sir," she said, in a low voice, "for six cents apiece."

"Poor thing!" said the official. "You've over-earned your money; but somehow the rule of the company does n't seem to apply to you. If I had my way, you should ride all day for nothing. It's a great shame. I've half a mind—it's monstrous that half your daily earnings should go for car-fare. Ah! those ear-rings must have cost you at least twenty-five cents each. And yet, it's a natural vanity. A woman must have something to sweeten life. No, I can not take your fare; but you sit still. I'll refer your case to the company."

A gentleman whom I had been noticing for some time, and who regarded these proceedings with an amused air, now took his turn. He was past middle life, had a prosperous, self-contented, well-fed appearance, and seemed, as he stepped forward, in no doubt of his position or of the receipt of his fare. But he was stopped, all the same.

"How did you get your money?"

"I inherited it."

"And you have never, in all your life, performed a single hour's real labor by which you added to the productiveness of the world, or earned a cent? You need not answer. I know you have n't. You are a fortunate man. You will be fortunate until you are compelled to account for your time and opportunity. Most men would like to change places with you, and I confess that I should. I respect you. Still, you must see for yourself that this particular car is no place for you."

While this conversation was going on, a young man who had been standing, holding on to a strap, with a nonchalant air, looked around to see if the exit was clear. I did not wonder at his





standing, for his pantaloons were so tight that he could not sit down. His waist was drawn in, his fashionable coat was padded, to give him square shoulders, his high collar kept his nose in the air, his hair was banged, and he wore a high, shiny hat and carried a short cane. He belonged to a species that has been very conspicuous lately. He slipped through the door and disappeared as the bell rang to let out the inheritor. It was the only sensible thing that ever I knew one of his class do; and his action proved to me that any one of his tribe, as one of his friends said of the late English male Lily, is not such a fool as he pretends to be. With him also slipped out three or four others—a well-known broker, an operator in flour and pork, an agent for the Society for the Amelioration of the Condition of the Jews, and a seedy-looking man whose breath gave a spiritual tone to the car, and whom I had never seen active at any other time than in an election campaign.



The car was pretty well thinned out by this time. The bell rang sharply for the delinquents. A thick-set man, who might have been taken for a philosopher, if the manner in which he sat, with his knees drawn together and his feet spread apart, had not betrayed his occupation as a shoemaker, arose and approached the official. The latter merely looked at him with a quizzical expression, and then lifted up one foot and turned up the sole of his boot. The leather was spongy and worn into holes, and the tops were cracked in three places.

"This is your work," said the official. "I have to wear these, because the new ones you promised week before last have not come home."

The shoemaker went out without a word, and another mechanic stepped up. Everybody knows him, in his working garb, with his well-to-do air and his agreeable manner. The whole of our modern civilization rests on him. His name is oftener in our mouths than "malaria." Some experts think that he is the cause of malaria, while others hold that malaria originated him.

"Where are you going?" asked the official, blandly.

"Back to the shop. I've got a job on the hill."

"And I dare say you are going back to get a tool you forgot in the morning."

"Yes."

"And you'll charge for the time going for the forgotten tool, and your fare back and forth. Your innocent forgetfulness is costing the



community too much. This company can not be longer a party to it."

There was now left in the car only the seamstress, who was riding on sufferance, a woman with a big basket, apparently containing somebody's "washing," and myself. I was curious to see how the official would treat the washerwoman. It is not always convenient to ride with a lot of clothes-baskets and market-baskets (I forgot to mention that a gaudily dressed woman with a poodle-dog had descended at the time the "dude" escaped), but if any one earns her money, I said to myself, it must be this

poor washerwoman. The official seemed to be of my opinion. He was about to receive the fare when a thought struck him. He lifted the cloth that covered the clothes and exposed them to view. The sight was too painfully familiar. The dirt had been soaked and ironed into the linen. The shirt-bosoms were streaked with iron-rust. The tender-hearted official sighed, and the poor woman took up her basket and went her painful way. Alas! where are we to look for virtue in this world?

It was now my turn. I was disposed to depart without any parley, but the official, who knew

how long I had been riding, cried out, "Fare, please." I offered the five cents to the box.

"You are something in the pen line, I think?"

"Nothing very remunerative," I replied, with assumed indifference. "I do not write deluding advertisements for the newspapers."

"True; but there is a popular notion that your copyright is a hinderance to the diffusion of knowledge. I don't share this notion as to anything you write, so we will let that point pass. Is there any other way in which you can account for this five-cent piece as fairly earned?"

"Well," I said, "I think I have earned it by refraining from riding in the horse-cars. I usually walk."

"Your reason is ingenious: it is even plausible," he replied. "I even think you are right in principle. But in the interest of the company I can not admit it. What would become of the horse-cars, if people should find the use of their legs again and walk as they did before horse-cars were invented? No, sir; you stand in the way of civilization. Saving is not earning in these days."

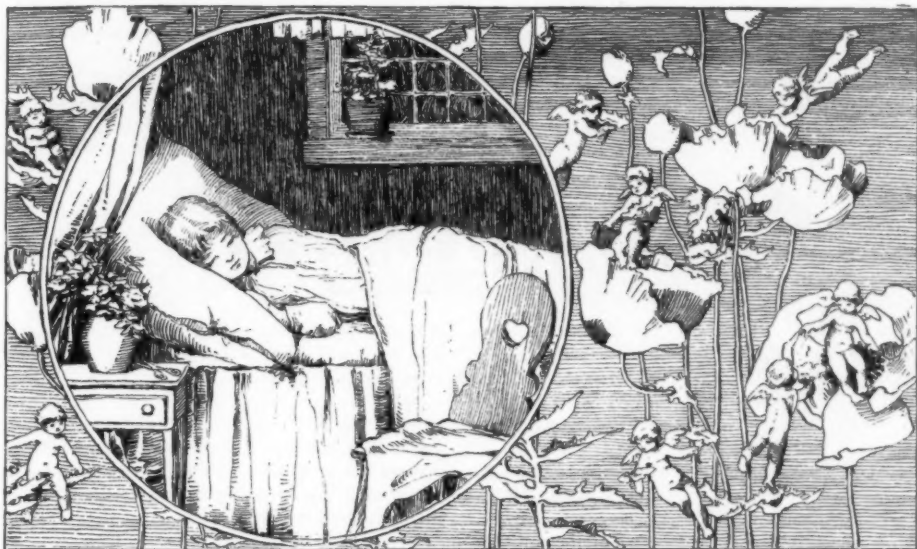
As the car jolted on its way,—it is torture to ride over our roughly laid track,—I stopped for a moment and reflected upon the whimsical conduct of this car company. If its test were generally applied, what would become of our civilization?





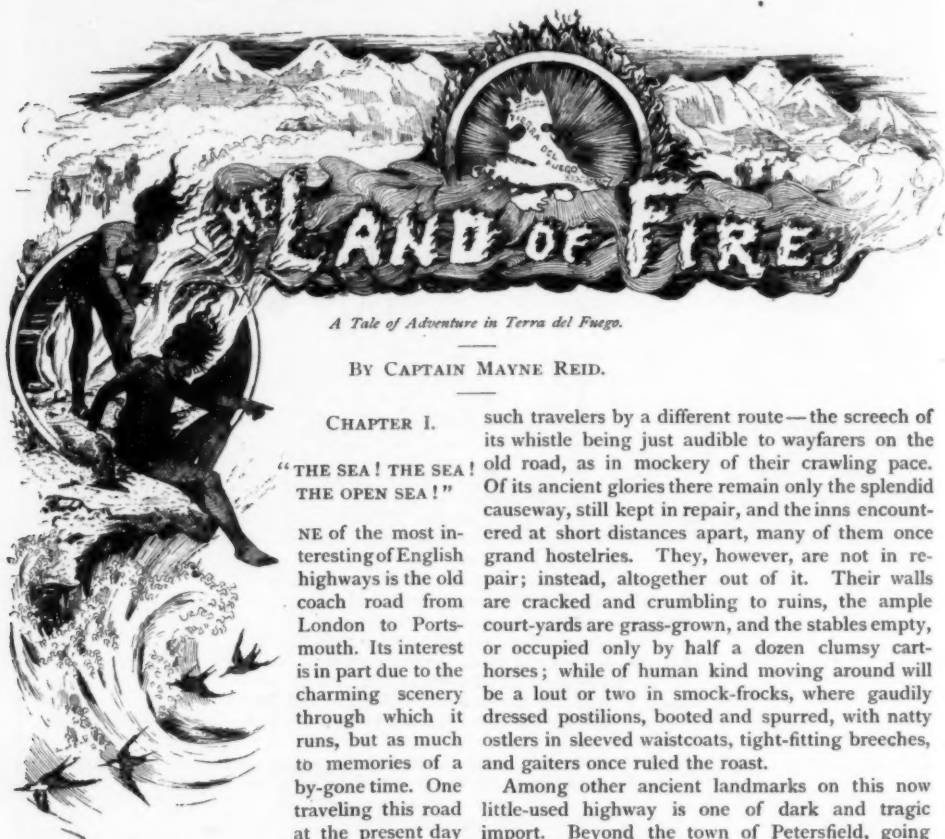
THE little angels, maiden dear, I trow
 Are just as dainty and as fair as thou;
 Only, to us it is not ever given
 To see them when they fly to earth from heaven.
 But if thou dost not yet, dear maiden, know
 Where little angels love to dwell below,
 When they come down to earth from heaven's bowers,
 I'll tell thee where they live—'t is in the flowers.
 A tiny tent each opening blossom is,
 Some little angel chose it out for his,
 That he might rest there from his wanderings
 Ere heavenward again he spreads his wings.
 He takes much thought about his dwelling, too—
 Ay, just as much as lowly mortals do.
 He decks it out on every side with care,
 That so he may with pleasure linger there.
 He fetches sunbeams brightly glittering,
 And makes his roof a golden covering.
 He fetches radiant colors, one and all,
 And paints his tiny dwelling's inner wall.
 With blossom-meal he bakes celestial bread,
 Lest he on earth should be an hungered.
 He brews his drink from fresh and sparkling dew,
 And keeps his house as well as I or you.





The flower is happy when this master makes
 So great a stir within and brews and bakes.
 And when the angel flies to heaven again,
 The little house falls ruined, all for pain.
 And so, if thou art fain, O maiden dear,
 To have the little angels ever near,
 Then keep amid the flowers, and there will be
 Some little angel always guarding thee.
 Before thy window let a floweret bloom—
 No evil thought may pass into thy room;
 A knot of flowers upon thy bosom bear—
 An angel shall go with thee everywhere;
 Water a lily-spray at morning-light—
 All day thou shalt remain as lily-white;
 At night, let roses guard thy sleeping head—
 Angels shall rock thee on a rose-strewn bed.
 No dream of evil may brood over thee,
 For little angels close will cover thee.
 And when they suffer dreams to enter there,
 Such dreams will surely all be good and fair.
 And if, while guarded safely thus thou art,
 Thou dreamest of the love of some true heart,
 Then think that it must good and faithful be,
 Or angels had not let it in to thee.





A Tale of Adventure in Terra del Fuego.

BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.

CHAPTER I.

"THE SEA! THE SEA!
THE OPEN SEA!"

NE of the most interesting of English highways is the old coach road from London to Portsmouth. Its interest is in part due to the charming scenery through which it runs, but as much to memories of a by-gone time. One traveling this road at the present day

might well deem it lonely, as there will be met on it only the liveried equipage of some local magnate, the more unpretentious turn-out of country doctor or parson, with here and there a lumbering farm wagon, or the farmer himself in his smart two-wheeled "trap," on the way to a neighboring market.

How different it was half a century ago, when along this same highway fifty four-horse stages were "tooled" to and fro from England's metropolis to her chief sea-port town, top-heavy with fares—often a noisy crowd of jovial Jack-tars, just off a cruise and making Londonward, or with faces set for Portsmouth, once more to breast the billows and brave the dangers of the deep! Many a naval officer of name and fame historic, such as the Rodneyes, Cochranes, Collingwoods, and Codringtons,—even Nile's hero himself,—has been whirled along this old highway.

All that is over now, and long has been. To-day the iron horse, with its rattling train, carries

such travelers by a different route—the screech of its whistle being just audible to wayfarers on the old road, as in mockery of their crawling pace. Of its ancient glories there remain only the splendid causeway, still kept in repair, and the inns encountered at short distances apart, many of them once grand hostleries. They, however, are not in repair; instead, altogether out of it. Their walls are cracked and crumbling to ruins, the ample court-yards are grass-grown, and the stables empty, or occupied only by half a dozen clumsy cart-horses; while of human kind moving around will be a lout or two in smock-frocks, where gaudily dressed postilions, booted and spurred, with natty ostlers in sleeved waistcoats, tight-fitting breeches, and gaiters once ruled the roast.

Among other ancient landmarks on this now little-used highway is one of dark and tragic import. Beyond the town of Petersfield, going southward, the road winds up a long steep ridge of chalk formation—the "Southdowns," which have given their name to the celebrated breed of sheep. Near the summit is a crater-like depression, several hundred feet in depth, around whose rim the causeway is carried—a dark and dismal hole, so weird of aspect as to have earned for it the appellation of the "Devil's Punch Bowl." Human agency has further contributed to the appropriateness of the title. By the side of the road, just where it turns around the upper edge of the hollow, is a monolithic monument, recording the tragic fate of a sailor who was there murdered and his dead body flung into the "Bowl." The inscription further states that justice overtook his murderers, who were hanged on the self-same spot, the scene of their crime.

It is a morning in the month of June, the hour a little after day-break. A white fog is over the land

of South Hampshire—so white that it might be taken for snow. The resemblance is increased by the fact of its being but a layer, so low that the crests of the hills and tree-tops of copses appear as islets in the ocean, with shores well defined, though constantly shifting. For, in truth, it is the effect of a *mirage*, a phenomenon aught but rare in the region of the Southdowns.

The youth who is wending his way up the slope leading to the Devil's Punch Bowl takes no note of this illusion of nature. But he is not unobservant of the fog itself; indeed, he seems pleased at having it around him, as though it afforded concealment from pursuers. Some evidence of this might be gathered from his now and then casting suspicious glances rearward and at intervals stopping to listen. Neither seeing nor hearing anything, however, he continues up the hill in a brisk walk, though apparently weary. That he is tired can be told by his sitting down on a bank by the roadside, as soon as he reaches the summit, evidently to rest himself. What he carries could not be the cause of his fatigue—only a small bundle done up in a silk handkerchief. More likely it comes from his tramp along the hard road, the thick dust over his clothes showing that he has been on it for hours.

Now, high up the ridge, where the fog is but a thin film, the solitary wayfarer can be better observed, and a glance at his face forbids all thought of his being a runaway from justice. Its expression is open, frank, and manly; whatever of fear there is in it certainly can not be due to any consciousness of crime. It is a handsome face, moreover, framed in a profusion of blonde hair, which falls curling past cheeks of ruddy hue. An air of rusticity in the cut of his clothes would bespeak him country bred, probably the son of a farmer. And just that is he, his father being a yeoman-farmer near Godalming, some thirty miles back along the road. Why the youth is so far from home at this early hour, and afoot,—why those uneasy glances over the shoulder, as if he were an escaping convict,—may be gathered from some words of soliloquy half spoken aloud by him, while resting on the banks:

"I hope they wont miss me before breakfast-time. By then I ought to be in Portsmouth, and if I've the luck to get apprenticed on board a ship, I'll take precious good care not to show myself on shore till she's off. But, surely, Father wont think of following this way—not a bit of it. The old wagoner will tell him what I said about going to London, and that 'll throw him off the scent completely."

The smile that accompanied the last words is replaced by a graver look, with a touch of sadness in the tone of his voice as he continues:

"Poor, dear Mother, and Sis Em'ly! It'll go hard with them for a bit, grieving. But they'll soon get over it. 'T is n't like I was leaving them never to come back. Besides, wont I write Mother a letter soon as I'm sure of getting safe off?"

A short interval of silent reflection, and then follow words of a self-justifying nature:

"How could I help it? Father would insist on my being a farmer, though he knows how I hate it. One clod-hopper in the family's quite enough; and brother Dick's the man for that. As the song says, 'Let me go ploughing the sea.' Yes, though I should never rise above being a common sailor. Who's happier than the jolly Jack-tar? He sees the world, any way, which is better than to live all one's life, with head down, delving ditches. But a common sailor—no! Maybe I'll come home, in three or four years, with gold buttons on my jacket and a glittering band around the rim of my cap. Ay, and with pockets full of gold coin! Who knows? Then wont Mother be proud of me, and little Em, too?"

By this time, the uprisen sun has dispelled the last lingering threads of mist, and Henry Chester (such is the youth's name) perceives, for the first time, that he has been sitting beside a tall column of stone. As the memorial tablet is right before his eyes, and he reads the inscription on it, again comes a shadow over his countenance. May not the fate of that unfortunate sailor be a forecast of his own? Why should it be revealed to him just then? Is it a warning of what is before him, with reproach for his treachery to those left behind? Probably, at that very moment, an angry father, a mother and sister in tears, all on his account!

For a time he stands hesitating, in his mind a conflict of emotions—a struggle between filial affection and selfish desire. Thus wavering, a word would decide him to turn back for Godalming and home. But there is no one to speak that word, while the next wave of thought surging upward brings vividly before him the sea with all its wonders—a vision too bright, too fascinating, to be resisted by a boy, especially one brought up on a farm. So he no longer hesitates, but, picking up his bundle, strides on toward Portsmouth.

A few hundred paces farther up, and he is on the summit of the ridge, there to behold the belt of low-lying Hampshire coastland, and beyond it the sea itself, like a sheet of blue glass, spreading out till met by the lighter blue of the sky. It is his first look upon the ocean, but not the last; it can surely now claim him for its own.

Soon after, an incident occurs to strengthen him in the resolve he has taken. At the southern base of the "Downs," lying alongside the road, is the park and mansion of Horndean. Passing its lodge

gate, he has the curiosity to ask who is the owner of such a grand place, and gets for answer, "Admiral Sir Charles Napier." *

"Might not I some day be an admiral?" self-interrogates Henry Chester, the thought sending lightness to his heart and quickening his steps in the direction of Portsmouth.

CHAPTER II.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

THE clocks of Portsmouth are striking nine as the yeoman farmer's son enters the suburbs of the famous sea-port. He lingers not there, but presses on to where he may find the ships—"by the Hard, Portsea," as he learns on inquiry. Presently, a long street opens before him, at whose farther end he descries a forest of masts, with their net-work of spars and rigging, like the web of a gigantic spider. Ship he has never seen before, save in pictures or miniature models; but either were enough for their identification, and the youth knows he is now looking with waking eyes at what has so often appeared to him in dreams.

Hastening on, he sees scores of vessels lying at anchor off the Hard, their boats coming and going. But they are men-of-war, he is told, and not the sort for him. Notwithstanding his ambitious hope of one day becoming a naval hero, he does not quite relish the idea of being a common sailor—at least, on a man-of-war. It were too like enlisting in the army to serve as a private soldier—a thing not to be thought of by the son of a yeoman-farmer. Besides, he has heard of harsh discipline on war vessels, and that the navy tar, when in a foreign port, is permitted to see little more of the country than may be viewed over the rail or from the rigging of his ship. A merchantman is the craft he inclines to, at least to make a beginning with, especially one that trades from port to port, visiting many lands; for, in truth, his leaning toward a sea-life has much to do with a desire to see the world and its wonders. Above all, would a whaler be to his fancy, as among the most interesting books of his reading have been some that described the chase of "Leviathan," and he longs to take a part in it. But Portsmouth is not the place for whaling vessels, not one such being there.

For the merchantmen he is directed to their special harbor; and proceeding thither, he finds several lying alongside the wharves, some taking in cargo, some discharging it, with two or three

fully freighted and ready to set sail. These last claim his attention first, and, screwing up courage, he boards one, and asks if he may speak with her captain.

The captain being pointed out to him, he modestly and somewhat timidly makes known his wishes. But he meets only with an off-hand denial, couched in words of scant courtesy.

Disconcerted, though not at all discouraged, he tries another ship; but with no better success. Then another, and another, with like result, until he has boarded nearly every vessel in the harbor having a gang-plank out. Some of the skippers receive him even rudely, and one almost brutally, saying: "We don't want land-lubbers on this craft. So cut ashore—quick!"

Henry Chester's hopes, high-tide at noon, ere night are down to lowest ebb; and greatly humiliated, he almost wishes himself back on the old farmstead by Godalming. He is even again considering whether it would not be better to give it up and go back, when his eyes chance to stray to a flag on whose corner is a cluster of stars on a blue ground, with a field of red and white bands alternating. It droops over the taffrail of a bark of some six hundred tons burden, and below it on her stern is lettered "The Calypso." During his perambulations to and fro, he has more than once passed this vessel; but, the ensign not being English, he did not think of boarding her. Refused by so many skippers of his own country, what chance would there be for him with one of a foreign vessel? None whatever, reasoned he. But now, more intelligently reflecting, he bethinks him that the bark, after all, is not so much a foreigner, a passer-by having told him she is American,—or "Yankee," as it was put,—and the flag she displays is the famed "Star-Spangled Banner."

"Well," mutters the runaway to himself, "I'll make one more try. If this one, too, refuses me, things will be no worse; and then—then—home, I suppose."

Saying which, he walks resolutely up the sloping plank and steps on board the bark, to repeat there the question he has already asked that day for the twentieth time—"Can I speak with the captain?"

"I guess not," answers he to whom it is addressed, a slim youth who stands leaning against the capstan. "Leastways, not now, 'cause he's not on board. What might you be wantin', mister? Maybe I can fix it for you."

Though the words are encouraging and the tone

* The Sir Charles Napier known to history as the "hero of St. Jean d'Acre," but better known to sailors in the British navy as "Old Sharpen Your Cutlasses!" This quaint soubriquet he obtained from an order issued by him when he commanded a fleet in the Baltic, anticipating an engagement with the Russians.

kindly, Henry Chester has little hopes that he can, the speaker being but a boy himself. Still, he speaks in a tone of authority, and though in sailor garb, it is not that of a common deck-hand. He is in his shirt-sleeves, the day being warm, but the shirt is of fine linen, ruffled at the breast, and gold-studded, while a costly Panama hat shades his somewhat sallow face from the sun. Besides, he is on the quarter-deck, seeming at home there.

Noting these details, the applicant takes heart to tell again his oft-told tale, and await the rejoinder.

"Well," responds the young American, "I'm sorry I can't give you an answer about that, the Cap'n, as I told you, not being aboard. He's gone ashore on some Custom-house business. But, if you like, you can come again and see him."

"I would like it much; when might I come?"

"Well, he might be back any minute. Still, it's uncertain, and you'd better make it to-morrow morning; you'll be sure to find him on board up till noon, anyhow."

Though country born and bred, Henry Chester was too well-mannered to prolong the interview, especially after receiving such courteous treatment, the first shown him that day. So, bowing thanks, as well as speaking them, he returns to the wharf. But, still, under the influence of gratitude, he glances back over the bark's counter, to see on her quarter-deck what intensifies his desire to become one of her crew. A fair vision it is—a slip of a girl, sweet-faced and of graceful form, who has just come out of the cabin, and joined the youth by the capstan, to all appearance asking some question about Chester himself, as her eyes are turned shoreward after him. At the same time, a middle-aged, lady-like woman shows herself at the head of the companion-stair and seems interested in him also.

"The woman must be the captain's wife and the girl his daughter," surmises the English youth, and correctly. "But I never knew that ladies lived on board ships, as they seem to be doing. An American fashion, I suppose. How different from all the other vessels I've visited. Come back to-morrow morning? No, not a bit of it! I'll hang about here, and wait the captain's return. That will I, if it be till midnight."

So resolving, he looks around for a place where he may rest himself. After his thirty miles' trudge along the king's highway, with quite ten more back and forth on the wharves, to say naught of the many ships boarded, he needs rest badly. A pile of timber here, with some loose planks alongside it, offers the thing he is in search of; and on the latter he seats himself, leaning his back against the boards in such a position as to be screened from the sight of those on the bark,

while himself having a view of the approaches to her gang-plank.

For a time he keeps intently on the watch, wondering what sort of man the "Calypso's" captain may be, and whether he will recognize him amidst the moving throng. Not likely, since most of those passing by are men of the sea, as their garb betokens. There are sailors in blue jackets and trousers that are tight at the hip and loose around the ankles, with straw-plaited or glazed hats, bright-ribboned, and set far back on the head; other seamen in heavy pilot-cloth coats and sou'-westers; still others wearing Guernsey frocks and worsted caps, with long points drooping down over their ears. Now, a staid naval officer passes along in gold-laced uniform, and sword slung in black leathern belt; now, a party of rollicking midshipmen, full of romp and mischief.

Not all who pass him are English; there are men loosely robed, and wearing turbans, whom he takes to be Turks, or Egyptians, which they are; others, also of Oriental aspect, in red caps, with blue silk tassels—the fez. In short, he sees sailors of all nations and colors, from the blonde-complexioned Swede and Norwegian to the almost jet-black negro from Africa.

But while endeavoring to guess the different nationalities, a group at length presents itself which puzzles him. It is composed of three individuals—a man, boy, and girl; their respective ages being about twenty-five, fifteen, and ten. The oldest (the man) is not much above five feet in height, the other two short in proportion. All three, however, are stout-bodied, broad-shouldered, and with heads of goodly size; the short, slender legs alone giving them a squat, diminutive look. Their complexion is that of old mahogany; hair straight as needles, coarse as bristles, and crow-black; eyes of jet, obliqued to the line of the nose, this thin at the bridge, and depressed, while widely dilated at the nostrils; low foreheads and retreating chins—such are the features of this singular trio. The man's face is somewhat forbidding, the boy's less so, while the countenance of the girl has a pleasing expression, or at least a picturesqueness such as is commonly associated with gypsies. What chiefly attracts Henry Chester to them, however, while still further perplexing him as to their nationality, is that all three are attired in the ordinary way as other well-dressed people in the streets of Portsmouth. The man and boy wear broadcloth coats, tall "chimney-pot" hats, and polished boots; white linen shirts, too, with standing collars, and silk neck-ties; the boy somewhat foppishly twirling a light cane he carries in his kid-gloved hand. The girl is dressed neatly and becomingly in a gown of

cotton print, with a bright-colored scarf over her shoulders, and a bonnet on her head, her only adornment being a necklace of imitation pearls and a ring or two on her fingers.

Henry Chester might not have taken such particular notice of them but that, when opposite him, they came to a stand, though not on his account. What halts them is the sight of the starred and striped flag on the "Calypso," which is evidently nothing new to them, however rare a visitor in the harbor of Portsmouth. A circumstance that further surprises Henry is to hear them converse about it in his own tongue.

"Look, Ocushlu!" exclaims the man, addressing the girl. "That the same flag we often see in our own country on real fisher ship."

"Indeed so—just same. You see, Orundelico?"

"Oh, yes," responds the boy, with a careless toss of head and wave of the cane, as much as to say, "What matters it?"

"'Merican ship," further observes the man. "They speak Inglis, same as people here."

"Yes, Eleparu," rejoins the boy. "That true; but they different from Inglismen—not always friends; sometimes they enemies and fight. Sailors tell me that when we were in the big war-ship."

"Well, it no business of ours," returns Eleparu. "Come 'long!" Saying which, he leads off, the others following; all three at intervals uttering ejaculations of delighted wonder, as objects novel and unknown come before their eyes.

Equally wonders the English youth as to who and what they may be. Such queer specimens of humanity! But not long does he ponder upon it. Up all the night preceding and through all that day, with his mind constantly on the rack, his tired frame at length succumbs, and he falls asleep.

CHAPTER III.

PORTSMOUTH MUD-LARKS.

THE Hampshire youth sleeps soundly, dreaming of a ship manned by women, with a pretty, child-like girl among the crew. But he seems scarcely to have closed his eyes before he is awakened by a clamor of voices, scolding and laughing in jarring contrast. Rubbing his eyes and looking about him, he sees the cause of the strange disturbance, which proceeds from some ragged boys, of the class commonly termed "wharf-rats" or "mud-larks." Nearly a dozen are gathered together, and it is they who laugh; the angry voices come from others, around whom they have formed a ring and whom they are "badgering."

Springing upon his feet, he hurries toward the scene of contention, or whatever it may be; not

from curiosity, but impelled by a more generous motive—a suspicion that there is foul play going on. For among the mud-larks he recognizes one who, early in the day, offered insult to himself, calling him a "country yokel." Having other fish to fry, he did not at the time resent it, but now—now he will see.

Arriving at the spot, he sees, what he has already dimly suspected, that the mud-larks' victims are the three odd individuals who lately stopped in front of him. But it is not they who are most angry; instead, they are giving the "rats" change in kind, returning their "chaff," and even getting the better of them, so much so that some of their would-be tormentors have quite lost their tempers. One is already furious—a big, hulking fellow, their leader and instigator, and the same who had cried "country yokel." As it chances, he is afflicted with an impediment of speech, in fact, stutters badly, making all sorts of twitching grimaces in the endeavor to speak correctly. Taking advantage of this, the boy Orundelico—"blackamoor," as he is being called—has so turned the tables on him by successful mimicry of his speech as to elicit loud laughter from a party of sailors loitering near. This brings on a climax, the incensed bully, finally losing all restraint of himself, making a dash at his diminutive mocker, and felling him to the pavement with a vindictive blow.

"Tit-it-it-take that, ye ugly mīm-m-monkey!" is its accompaniment in speech as spiteful as defective.

The girl sends up a shriek, crying out:

"Oh, Eleparu! Orundelico killed! He dead!"

"No, not dead!" answers the boy, instantly on his feet again like a rebounding ball, and apparently but little injured. "He take me foul. Let him try once more. Come on, big brute!"

And the pigmy places himself in a defiant attitude, fronting an adversary nearly twice his own size.

"Stan' side!" shouts Eleparu, interposing. "Let me go at him!"

"Neither of you!" puts in a new and resolute voice, that of Henry Chester, who, pushing both aside, stands face to face with the aggressor, fists hard shut, and eyes flashing anger. "Now, you ruffian," he adds, "I'm your man."

"Wh-wh-who are yi-yi-you? an' wh-wh-what's it your bi-bib-business?"

"No matter who I am; but it's my business to make you repent that cowardly blow. Come on and get your punishment!" And he advances toward the stammerer, who has shrunk back.

This unlooked-for interference puts an end to the fun-making of the mud-larks, all of whom are now highly incensed. For in their new adversary

they recognize a lad of country raising,—not a town boy,—which of itself challenges their antagonistic instincts. On these they are about to act, one crying out: "Let's pitch into the yokel and gie him a good trouncin'!"—a second adding: "Hang his impudence!"—while a third counsels teaching him "Portsmouth manners."

Such a lesson he seems likely to receive, and it would probably have fared hardly with our young hero but for the sudden appearance on the scene of another figure—a young fellow in shirt-sleeves and wearing a Panama hat—he of the "Calypso."

"Thunder and lightning!" he exclaimed, coming on with a rush. "What's the rumpus about? Ha! A fisticuff fight, with odds—five to one! Well, Ned Gancy aint going to stand by an' look on at that; he pitches in with the minority."

And so saying, the young American placed himself in a pugilistic attitude by the side of Henry Chester.

This accession of strength to the assailed party put a different face on the matter, the assailants evidently being cowed, despite their superiority of numbers. They know their newest adversary to be an American, and at sight of the two intrepid-looking youths standing side by side, with the angry faces of Eleparu and Orundelico in the background, they become sullenly silent, most of them evidently inclined to steal away from the ground.

The affair seemed likely thus to end, when, to the surprise of all, Eleparu, hitherto held back by the girl, suddenly released himself and bounded forward, with hands and arms wide open. In another instant he had grasped the big bully in a tiger-like embrace, lifted him off his feet, and dashed him down upon the flags with a violence that threatened the breaking of every bone in his body. Nor did his implacable little adversary, who seemed possessed of a giant's strength, appear satisfied with this, for he afterward sprang on top of him, with a paving-stone in his uplifted hands.

The affair might have terminated tragically had not the uplifted hand been caught by Henry Chester. While he was still holding it, a man came up, who brought the conflict to an abrupt close by seizing Eleparu's collar, and dragging him off his prostrate foe.

"Ho! what's this?" demands the new-comer, in a loud, authoritative voice. "Why, York! Jemmy! Fuegia! what are you all doing here? You should have staid on board the steam-ship, as I told you to do. Go back to her at once."

By this time the mud-larks have scuttled off, the big one, who had recovered his feet, making after them, and all speedily disappearing. The three gypsy-looking creatures go, too, leaving their protectors, Henry Chester and Ned Gancy, to explain

things to him who has caused the stampede. He is an officer in uniform, wearing insignia which proclaim him a captain in the royal navy. And as he already more than half comprehends the situation, a few words suffice to make it all clear to him; when, thanking the two youths for their generous and courageous interference in behalf of his *protégés*,—as he styles the odd trio whose part they had taken,—he bows a courteous farewell, and continues his interrupted walk along the wharves.

"Guess you did n't get much sleep," observes the young American, with a knowing smile, to Henry Chester.

"Who told you I was asleep?" replies the latter in some surprise.

"Who? Nobody."

"How came you to know it, then?"

"How? Was n't I up in the main-top, and did n't I see everything you did? And you behaved particularly well, I must say. But come! Let's aboard. The captain has come back. He's my father, and maybe we can find a berth for you on the 'Calypso.' Come along!"

That night, Henry Chester eats supper at the "Calypso's" cabin table, by invitation of the captain's son, sleeps on board, and, better still, has his name entered on her books as an apprentice. And he finds her just the sort of craft he was desirous to go to sea in—a general trader, bound for the Oriental Archipelago and the isles of the Pacific Ocean. To crown all, she has completed her cargo, and is ready to put to sea.

Sail she does, early the next day, barely leaving him time to keep that promise, made by the Devil's Punch Bowl, of writing to his mother.

CHAPTER IV.

OFF THE "FURIES."

A SHIP tempest-tossed, laboring amid the surges of an angry sea; her crew on the alert, doing their utmost to keep her off a lee-shore. And such a shore! None more dangerous on all ocean's edge; for it is the west coast of Terra del Fuego, abreast the Fury Isles and that long belt of seething breakers known to mariners as the "Milky Way," the same of which the great naturalist, Darwin, has said: "One sight of such a coast is enough to make a landsman dream for a week about shipwreck, peril, and death."

There is no landsman in the ship now exposed to its dangers. All on board are familiar with the sea—have spent years upon it. Yet is there fear in their hearts, and pallor on their cheeks, as their eyes turn to that belt of white, frothy

water between them and the land, trending north and south beyond the range of vision.

Technically speaking, the endangered vessel is not a ship, but a bark, as betokened by the fore-and-aft rig of her mizen-mast. Nor is she of large dimensions; only some six or seven hundred tons. But the reader knows this already, or will, after learning her name. As her stern swings up on the billow, there can be read upon it "The Calypso"; and she is that "Calypso" in which Henry Chester sailed out of Portsmouth harbor to make his first acquaintance with a sea life.

Though nearly four years have elapsed since then, he is still on board of her. There stands he by the binnacle—no more a boy, but a young man, and in a garb that bespeaks him of the quarter-deck,—not the fore-peak,—for he is now the "Calypso's" third officer. And her second is not far off; he is the generous youth who was the means of getting him the berth. Also grown to manhood, he, too, is aft, lending a hand at the helm—the strength of one man being insufficient to keep it steady in that heavily rolling sea. On the poop-deck is Captain Gancy himself, consulting a small chart, and filled with anxiety as, at intervals looking toward the companion-way, he there sees his wife and daughter holding on by the man-ropes. For he knows his vessel to be in danger, and his dear ones as well.

A glance at the bark reveals that she has been on a long voyage. Her paint is faded, her sails patched, and there is rust along the chains and around the hawse-holes. She might be mistaken for a whaler coming off a four years' cruise. And nearly that length of time has she been cruising, but not after whales. Her cargo, a full one, consists of sandal-wood, spices, tortoise-shell, mother-of-pearl, and real pearls also—in short, a miscellaneous assortment of the commodities obtained by traffic in the islands and around the coasts of the great South Sea.

Her last call has been at Honolulu harbor in the Sandwich Isles, and she is now homeward-bound for New York, around the Horn. A succession of westerly winds, or rather continuation of them, has forced her too far on to the Fuegian coast, too near the Furies; and now tossed about on a billowy sea, with the breakers of the Milky Way in sight to leeward, no wonder that her crew are apprehensive for their safety.

Still, perilous as is their situation, they might not so much regard it were the "Calypso" sound and in sailing trim. Unfortunately, she is far from this, having a damaged rudder, and with both courses torn to shreds. She is lying-to under storm forestay-sail and close-reefed try-sails, wearing at intervals, whenever it can be done

with advantage, to keep her away from those "white horses" a-lee. But even under the diminished spread of canvas the bark is distressed beyond what she can bear, and Captain Gancy is about to order a further reduction of canvas, when, looking westward,—in which direction he has been all along anxiously on the watch,—he sees what sends a shiver through his frame: three huge rollers, whose height and steepness tell him the "Calypso" is about to be tried to the very utmost of her strength. Good sea-boat though he knows her to be, he knows also that a crisis is near. There is but time for him to utter a warning shout, ere the first roller comes surging upon them. By a lucky chance the bark, having good steerage-way, meets and rises over it unharmed. But her way being now checked, the second roller deadens it completely, and she is thrown off the wind. The third, then taking her right abeam, she careens over so far that the whole of her lee bulwark, from cat-head to stern-davit, is ducked under water.

It is a moment of doubt, with fear appalling—almost despair. Struck by another sea, she would surely go under. But, luckily, the third is the last of the series, and she rights herself, rolling back again like an empty cask. Then, as a steed shaking his mane after a shower, she throws the briny water off, through hawse-holes and scuppers, till her decks are clear again.

A cry of relief ascends from the crew, instinctive and simultaneous. Nor does the loss of her lee-quarter boat, dipped under and torn from the davits, hinder them from adding a triumphant hurrah, the skipper himself waving his wet tarpaulin and crying aloud:

"Well done, old 'Calypso!' Boys! we may thank our stars for being on board such a seaworthy craft!"

Alas! both the feeling of triumph and security are short-lived, ending almost on the instant. Scarce has the joyous hurrah ceased reverberating along her decks, when a voice is heard calling out, in a tone very different:

"The ship's sprung a leak! And a big one, too! The water's coming into her like a sluice!"

There is a rush for the fore hatch-way, whence the words of alarm proceed, the main one being battened down and covered with tarpaulin. Then a hurried descent to the "tween decks" and an anxious peering into the hold below. True—too true! It is already half-full of water, which seems mounting higher, and by inches to the minute! So fancy the more frightened ones.

"Though bad enuf, taint altogether so bad 's that," pronounced Leugriff, the carpenter, after a brief inspection. "There 's a hole in the bottom for sartin'; but mebbe we kin beat it by pumpin'."

Thus encouraged, the captain bounds back on deck, calling out: "All hands to the pumps!"

There is no need to say that; all take hold and work them with a will: it is as if every one were working for his own life.

A struggle succeeds, triangular and unequal, being as two to one. For the storm still rages, needing helm and sails to be looked after; while the inflow must be kept under in the hold. A terrible conflict it is, between man's strength and the elements; but short, and alas! to end in the defeat of the former. The "Calypso" is water-logged, will no longer obey her helm, and must surely sink.

At length convinced of this, Captain Gancy calls out: "Boys, it's no use trying to keep her afloat. Drop the pumps, and let us take to the boats."

But taking to the boats is neither an easy nor hopeful alternative, seeming little better than that of a drowning man catching at straws. Still, though desperate, it is their only chance; and with not a moment to be wasted in irresolution. But the "Calypso's" crew is a well-disciplined one; every hand on board having served in her for years.

The only two boats left them—the gig and pin-nace—are therefore let down to the water, without damage to either, and, by like dexterous management, everybody got safely into them. It is a quick embarkation, however, so hurried, indeed, that few effects can be taken along—only those that chance to be readiest to hand. Another moment's delay might have cost them their lives; for scarce have they taken their seats and pushed the boats clear of the ship's channels, when, another sea striking her, she goes down head foremost like a lump of lead, carrying masts, spars, torn sails, and rigging—everything—along with her.

Captain Gancy groans at the sight. "My fine bark gone to the bottom of the sea; cargo and all—the gatherings of years! Hard, cruel luck!"

Mingling with his words of sorrow are cries that seem cruel, too—the screams of sea-birds, gannets, gulls, and the wide-winged albatross, that have been long hovering above the "Calypso," as if knowing her to be doomed, and hoping to find a feast among the floating remnants of the wreck.

(To be continued.)

LONG before our readers can see this first installment of Captain Mayne Reid's story, they will have heard, through the newspapers, the announcement that comes to us just as this Christmas number is going to press. "Captain Mayne Reid," the cable dispatch of October 22d states, "died at his residence in London, last evening, after a short illness."

Little did we think, when, early in October, ST. NICHOLAS received a message from Captain Reid to the boys and girls of America, that it would be conveyed to them with so unwelcome an introduction. But the affectionate words of greeting, thus unexpectedly turned into a last good-bye, will be not the less appreciated now that the chivalrous heart that prompted them beats no more.

"I have heard,"—wrote Captain Reid in his letter of September 22d, received too late to be inserted in Mr. Trowbridge's paper in the November ST. NICHOLAS,—"I have heard that you intend honoring me by a biographical sketch—and, furthermore, that I am to receive this honor at the hands of one of America's most celebrated, and justly celebrated, writers, Mr. Trowbridge. Will you kindly notify this gentleman that the only thing about myself I specially care to have recorded is my great love and reverence for the American people and, above all, for the American youth, whom I regard with an affection warm and strong, almost as a man would feel for his own children? I am told it is reciprocated; and this knowledge is much—I should say full—compensation for a life of toil which has been otherwise ill-rewarded.

"Therefore, I trust Mr. Trowbridge will tell my youthful *clientèle* of America how much they are in my heart; and, moreover, how much I long to instruct them in a higher way than I have hitherto done by my carelessly written romances. I am now seeking such opportunity; and, if life be spared me long enough to find it, I promise it shall be taken advantage of."

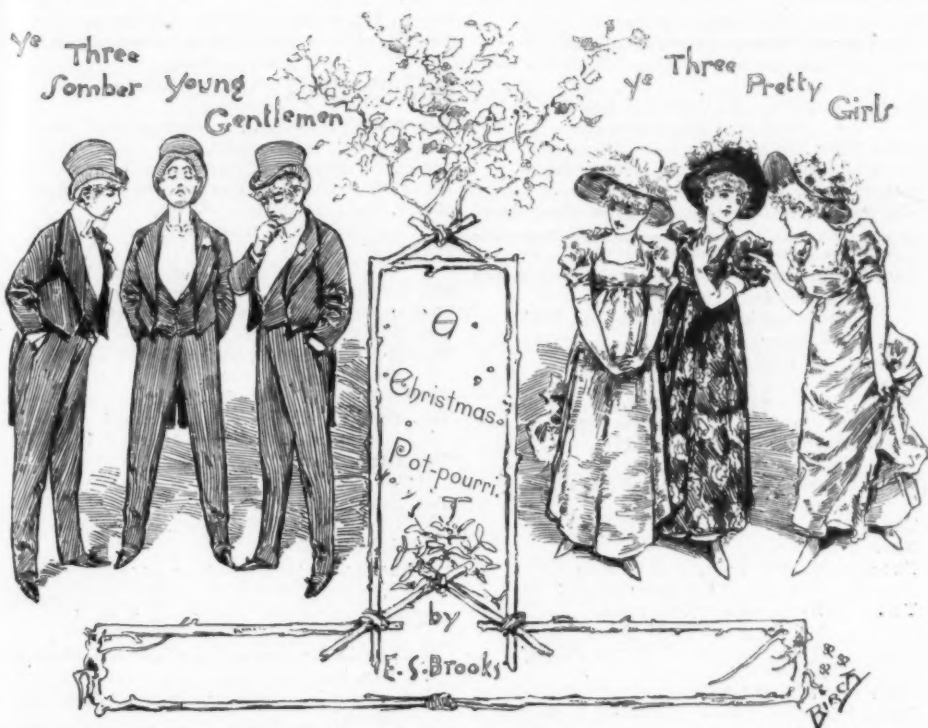
"At Crystmasse wel mery may ye davnce ..



Come bring with a noise, my merry merry boys
The Christmas log to the firing
While the good dame, she, bids ye all be free
And dance to your hearts' desiring



"WELCOME, YULE!" (SEE PAGE 172.)



[This Christmas *pot-pourri* of the joyous holiday, past and present, of Christmas carols and of popular airs, seeks to enter a protest against the denial of Santa Claus, and to show the eternal freshness of the story "ever old, yet ever new." The music to accompany the airs, as indicated, is popular and familiar, and the singing of the "Carols," if given without instrumental accompaniment, may be made very effective. The piece is intended to precede the stripping of the Christmas-tree.]

CHARACTERS.

NED, }
FRED, } The Three Somber Young Gentlemen.
TED, }

MOLLY, }
DOLLY, } The Three Pretty Girls.
POLLY, }

SANTA CLAUS, "The same old two-and-sixpence."

THE FAIRY BOUNTIFUL.

THE WAITS.

THE SENESCHAL, THE JESTER, THE BOYS WITH THE BOAR'S HEAD AND THE CANDLE; THE GIRL WITH THE CHRISTMAS PIE; THE BOYS WITH THE YULE LOG.

THE THREE KINGS OF ORIENT.

THE CHORUS OF CHILDREN.

COSTUMES.

THE THREE SOMBER YOUNG GENTLEMEN should be boys of from fourteen to sixteen, in prim black suits ("swallow-tails," if possible, and high hats). THE THREE PRETTY GIRLS—girls of twelve to fourteen, in pretty æsthetic or French Directory costumes. THE WAITS—eight good singers, girls and boys, in ancient costumes, time of 1700: bell-crowned hats, poke bonnets, long coats and cloaks, and mufflers. THE SENESCHAL—boy of fourteen; long violet robe, short clothes, velvet bonnet, gray wig and beard, long staff, keys and chain. THE JESTER—boy of ten to twelve; court-jester's suit. THE BOYS WITH THE BOAR'S HEAD AND THE CANDLE—old-time court suits. THE GIRL WITH THE CHRISTMAS PIE—"Dolly Varden" suit of 1780. THE BOYS WITH THE YULE LOG—yeoman's dress of sixteenth century. THE THREE KINGS OF ORIENT—brilliant Oriental costumes. THE FAIRY BOUNTIFUL—conventional fairy's dress—wings, wand, and spangles. SANTA

CLAUS—the "Simon Pure" article, "all in furs, from his head to his foot." THE CHORUS OF CHILDREN—in modern street or Christmas-party dress.

THE POT-POURRI.

[A winter scene. Stage spread with white, to represent snow. At rear, a painted curtain, or shifting scene, readily prepared, representing the front of an old-fashioned house, with wide latticed window above. This scene should be movable, as it must conceal the Christmas-tree, which is to be disclosed in the *finale*. Cut-paper falling, to represent snow, will add a pretty effect. As the curtain rises, THE WAITS, standing beneath the window, sing Miss Muloch's version of the Christmas carol, beginning—

"God rest ye, merry gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay," etc.

At close of carol, the window slowly opens and discloses THE THREE SOMBER YOUNG GENTLEMEN, who say, or sing, dismally]—

Who calls us merry gentlemen,
And says let naught dismay?
For what care we for Christmas-tree,
And what for Christmas Day?
Though hearts are bold, yet hopes are cold,
And gloom has come to stay;
No joy we see in Christmas-tree,
And none in Christmas Day!

THE WAITS [*sing, as before, the Christmas carol beginning*]"—"Carol, brothers, carol, carol joyfully," etc. *After the song, they look at the THREE SOMBER YOUNG GENTLEMEN, and lift their hands in pity.*

FIRST WAIT.

Why, what is the matter, young gentlemen three?
Now tell us—oh, tell us, we pray.

SECOND WAIT. And why are you sad?

THIRD WAIT. When you ought to be glad—

FOURTH WAIT. On this blessed and bright Christmas Day?

FIFTH WAIT. When the world's all aglow,
Why be moping here so?

SIXTH WAIT. Oh, why are n't you jolly as we?

SEVENTH WAIT. On this glad Christmas Day—

EIGHTH WAIT. When you ought to be gay.

ALL WAITS. Why be grouchy, young gentlemen three?

[THE THREE SOMBER YOUNG GENTLEMEN lean gloomily out of the window to emphasize their remarks, and say]—

NED. We're just out of college, and bubbling with knowledge;

There's nothing on earth we don't know,
Hebrew—

FRED. Sanskrit—

TED. And Greek—

NED. We can each of us speak,
And the reason for everything show!

FRED. But we've grown, oh, so gray
Since that dolefullest day
When science our fondest dream twisted
By that grim Q.

TED. E.

NED. D.*

FRED. Which has proved to us three
That Santa Claus never existed!

TED. So we mope and we moan,
And we grumble and groan;
And we wonder so how you can play.
And we sigh—O

NED. Heigh—

FRED. O—!

TED. And we're puzzled to know,
What is there to see in the Day?

THE WAITS [*sing, as before, the nursery carol*].

"I saw three ships come sailing by
On Christmas Day in the morning," etc.

[Words in "Baby's Opera," and as they sing, THE THREE PRETTY GIRLS come dancing in and curtsy prettily to THE THREE SOMBER YOUNG GENTLEMEN in the latticed window.]

THE WAITS.

Oh, just please to tell us, young gentlemen three,
As your eyes o'er this picture must stray,
Are n't three pretty girls, with their curls and curls,
Quite enough, sirs, to see in the Day?

[THE THREE YOUNG GENTLEMEN seem surprised.]

NED. There's some mystery here;

FRED. Or an error, 't is clear.

TED. 'T is not my wedding-day, I'll agree!

NED. Nor yet mine, sir!

FRED. Nor mine!

ALL THREE [*gallantly*].

But we'll cease to repine,
If you'll stay here, O pretty girls three!

[THE THREE PRETTY GIRLS curtsy again, and say]—

MOLLY. Why, of course, sirs, we'll stay;

DOLLY. For we've come here to say—

POLLY. O you somber Young Gentlemen three!

MOLLY. Though you're stuffed full of knowledge—

DOLLY. From cramming in college—

POLLY. Yet, you're stupid as stupid can be!

THE THREE YOUNG GENTLEMEN [*greatly surprised*].

What—stupid?

THE THREE PRETTY GIRLS [*emphatically*].

Yes—stupid!

THE WAITS [*decidedly*]. As stupid as stupid can be!

MOLLY. For, if you can't tell,

DOLLY. Though with science you swell,

POLLY. Why Christmas Day comes with its glee—

MOLLY. Then the children will say,

As they all troop this way,

DOLLY and POLLY.

Why—you're stupid as stupid can be!

THE THREE YOUNG GENTLEMEN. What—stupid?

THE THREE PRETTY GIRLS. Yes—stupid!

THE WAITS. As stupid as stupid can be!

NED [*to FRED and TED, looking decidedly dazed*].

Can this really be so?

FRED. Oh, it can't be, you know!

TED. College graduates stupid? Heyday!

[Music and hurrahs heard outside.]

THE THREE YOUNG GENTLEMEN.

Hallo! What's that noise?

THE THREE PRETTY GIRLS.

'T is the girls and the boys keeping step to their
bright reveille!

[The "Children's Reveille" sounds without, and the CHORUS OF CHILDREN march in and around, keeping time to their chorus. These words, with numerous repetitions and a plentiful sprinkling of "Hail" and "Hurrah," can be sung to the well-known, "Turkish Reveille," or "Turkish Patrol," by Michaelis.]

Hail to the Day we welcome here—to Christmas
Day, hurrah!

Hail to the jolly saint so dear—to Santa Claus,
hurrah!

[THE THREE PRETTY GIRLS, with WAITS at left, face the CHORUS OF CHILDREN massed at right.]

MOLLY. You are greatly mistaken—no saint greets
you here,

Just three somber young gentlemen—dismal and drear.
DOLLY.

Three somber young gentlemen, just out of college,
And from eyelid to instep stuffed "cram-full" of
knowledge.

POLLY.

Christmas Day is a fable—these wise ones declare—
And Old Santa Claus! He's a—delusion and snare!

ALL THREE.

They say you're all wrong with your gladness and
glee—

CHILDREN [*interrupting excitedly*].

They do? Then—they're stupid as stupid can be!

THE THREE YOUNG GENTLEMEN. What—stupid?

CHILDREN [*vociferously*].

Yes—stupid as stupid can be!

[THE THREE YOUNG GENTLEMEN shake their heads in woful warning and sing together their warning verses. Air, "The Magnet and the Churn," from *Patience*.]

This Santa Claus is a fable old,

By unwise parents unwisely told;

His reindeer and stockings and Christmas-tree

Deceive the children most wofully.

For all the text-books we've used at school

Say a fact is a fact and a fool's a fool!

* Q. E. D.—A term in Geometry, which, as every high-school scholar knows, stands for a Latin phrase signifying: There, now I've proved it!

Then down with this Santa-Claus they laud;
He's an utter farce and a perfect fraud!

CHILDREN. A perfect fraud?

THE THREE YOUNG GENTLEMEN.

A perfect fraud!

This hypothetical, peripatetic

Person who walks abroad

On Christmas Day, we grieve to say,

Is really a monstrous fraud!

ALL THE GIRLS. Do you 'spose this is so?

ALL THE BOYS. Why, it can't be, you know!

ALL THE GIRLS. 'T is too awfully awful—boo-hoo!

[*Drying their tears.*]

But suppose it should be?

ALL THE BOYS. Then we're all "up a tree."

ALL THE CHILDREN. With no Santa Claus, what can we do?

[THE THREE YOUNG GENTLEMEN, equally moved by the children's grief, wring out their handkerchiefs and say]—

ALL THREE. Why—

NED. In science—

FRED. Place reliance—

TED. And give fiction hot defiance.

ALL. Though your fathers and your mothers all agree
That there is a Santa Claus—

NED. Don't believe them—

FRED. Don't—

TED. Because—

ALL. You must never trust a thing you can not see!

[THE THREE PRETTY GIRLS, facing the window indignantly, shake their fingers at THE THREE YOUNG GENTLEMEN.]

MOLLY. Do you only believe what you only can see,

Oh, you somber but stupid young gentlemen three?

DOLLY. Why, you might as well say there's no man
in the moon!

POLLY. Or deny that the dish ran away with the spoon!

THE THREE YOUNG GENTLEMEN. Well, we do!

THE CHILDREN. What? You do?

THE THREE PRETTY GIRLS.

But, whatever's the use?

Do you think you know better than old Mother
Goose?

THE THREE YOUNG GENTLEMEN. She's a myth!

CHILDREN. She's a—*what*?

THE THREE YOUNG GENTLEMEN. Why, there is no
such woman!

CHILDREN [*plaintively*]. Now, there's no Mother
Goose!

THE THREE PRETTY GIRLS. This is simply inhuman.

[THE CHORUS OF CHILDREN, grouping dolefully and dejectedly on the stage,—some standing, some reclining, so as to make an attractive tableau,—sing their chorus to the air of "Twenty Love-sick Maidens," from *Patience*. Let THE THREE PRETTY GIRLS stand central in tableau.]

CHORUS. Twenty homesick children we

(This is such a bitter pill),

Every Christmas we shall be

Twenty homesick children still!

THREE PRETTY GIRLS.

Who'll fill the stockings in the chimney now?

CHORUS—*Ah, miserie!*

If there's no Santa Claus, in grief we bow.

CHORUS—*Ah, miserie!*

Alas, poor heart! go hide thyself away,
And mourn and mourn the death of Christmas Day.

CHORUS—*Ah, miserie!*

CHORUS. All our love for Santa Claus

Falls quite flat if he is not!

This is of our woe the cause—

Sad and sorry is our lot!

Ah, miserie.

THREE PRETTY GIRLS.

Go, breaking hearts, go, dream of Christmas jolly!

Go, foolish hearts, go, dream of Christmas holly!

Go, hopeless hearts, go, dream of vanished glory;

And, in your dreams, forget this horrid story!

CHORUS—*Ah, miserie!*

Forget this horrid story!

CHORUS. Twenty homesick children we,

And we ne'er can merry be.

Twenty homesick children we

(This is such a bitter pill),

Every Christmas we shall be

Twenty homesick children still!

[Burst of merry music. Enter FAIRY BOUNTIFUL.]

FAIRY.

I come as a light that is breaking,

I come as a gleam in the night,

I come as a dawn that is waking,

I come as the sun's happy light.

For children who mourn upon Christmas

Must, sure, need a fairy like me,

To dispel all the doubt and the darkness

Of these Somber Young Gentlemen three!

[THE WAITS and CHILDREN join in the Christmas carol.]

"And all the bells on earth shall ring,

On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day;

And all the children for joy shall sing,

On Christmas Day in the morning."

FAIRY [*to THE THREE YOUNG GENTLEMEN in window*].

Come down here, come down here, ye skeptical band!

O Somber Young Gentlemen three!

Come, watch while I summon, with magical wand,

The old Christmas-time wassail and glee;

For Christmas *did* come, with its mirth and its noise,

Many years, sirs, before you were born,

And has lived in the hearts of the girls and the boys

From the days of the first Christmas morn!

[THE THREE SOMBER YOUNG GENTLEMEN take their places with the other children at right. FAIRY waves her wand.]

Come forth from the mists of the vanishing years,

O days that the past doth infold,

And let each girl and boy, as the vision appears,

Hear the joys of the Christmas of old!

[Enter, from left, the "Christmasses past" led by the Baron's SENESCHAL.]

SENESCHAL [*standing central*].

[Extract from Wither's "Juvenilia"—Time, 1600.]

"Lo, now is come our joyfulst feast!

Let every man be jolly,

Each room with yiole leaves is drest,

And every post with holly.

Now all our neighbours' chimneys smoke

And Christmas blocks are burning;

Their ovens they with bak't meats choke,
And all their spits are turning.
Without ye door let sorrow lie,
And yif, for cold, it hap to die,
Wee 'le bury 't in a Christmas pye —
And evermore be merry."

[Following SENESCHAL comes a boy with Christmas Candle "very large and long," two boys with the Boar's Head on silver salver—this may be made of paper and trimmed with greens—and the girl with the great Christmas Pie. COURT-JESTER follows behind. Some appropriate music here. Then JESTER comes forward and speaks.]

JESTER [with great wassail-cup or bowl—time of 1550].
I'm the Lord of Misrule, and though known as the Fool,
By my pranks I gain many a tester.
On the glad Christmas Day o'er all I hold my sway.
Then huzzoy for the king—and his jester!

[Lifting wassail-cup.]

Here's a health to ye all, both in cottage and hall;
On Christmas no sorrows must pester;
Through our wassail and rout, Noel! * we shout;
And huzzoy for the king—and his jester!

[BOYS WITH BOAR'S HEAD come forward and repeat the old-time Oxford carol, date unknown.]

FIRST BOY. "*Caput apri defero, reddens laudes Domino!*"

SECOND BOY. "The boar's head in hand bring we,
With garlands gay and rosemary;
I pray you all sing merrily.

FIRST BOY. "*Qui este in convivio.*"

SECOND BOY. "Our steward he hath provided this,
In honor of the King of Bliss;
Which on this Christmas served is,
In Reginensi atrio."

FIRST BOY. "*Caput apri defero, reddens laudes Domino!*"

SECOND BOY. "The boar's head," etc.

JESTER [extract from Herrick's "Christmas"—Time, 1650].

"Come, bring with a noise, my merry, merry boys,
The Christmas log to the firing;
While the good dame she bids ye all be free,
And dance to your heart's desiring."

GIRL, WITH CHRISTMAS PIE [also adapted from Herrick].

"Christmas Day is here—bring the white loaf near;
And while the meat is a-shredding
For the rare mince-pie, and the plums stand by
To fill the paste that's a-kneading"—

[The JESTER repeats his verse as above, "Come, bring with a noise," and enters boys dragging in the "Yule Log." As the JESTER concludes, the WAITS, coming forward, sing the old carol, "Welcome, Yule." Time of Henry VI., 1450.]

"Welcome be thou, Heavenly King,
Welcome born on this morning,
Welcome, for whome we shall sing,
Welcome, Yule!

"Welcome be ye, Candlemas,
Welcome be ye, Queen of Bliss,
Welcome both to more and less,
Welcome, Yule!

"Welcome be ye that are here,
Welcome all and make good cheer,
Welcome all another year.
Welcome, Yule!"

THE SENESCHAL [standing central repeats an extract from Wither's "Juvenilia"].

"Then wherefore in these merry days
Should we, I pray, be duller?
No, let us sing our roundelays,
To make our mirth the fuller.

"Though others' purses be more fat,
Why should we pine or grieve at that?
Hang sorrow! Care will kill a cat!
And, therefore, let's be jolly.

"Without the door let sorrow lie,
And yif, for cold, it hap to die,
Wee 'le bury 't in a Christmas pye,
And evermore be merry!"

"I'm called Mr. Santa Claus,"



[“Christmases past” draw to one side, right. FAIRY BOUNTIFUL, central, waves her wand and says]—

FAIRY.

This for the Past. Now let the Christmas joys,
That fill the Present, greet the girls and boys.

[Sleigh-bells heard without.]

*An old-time shout of joy at the Christmas-tide.

CHORUS OF CHILDREN.

[Air, "Lightly Row."]

Hark how clear, sweet and clear,
 Christmas sleigh-bells jingle out;
 Now in joy, girl and boy,
 Ring the welcome shout!
 Hail to Santa Claus, whose voice
 Bids each youthful heart rejoice;
 Children cheer, shout it clear,
 Santa Claus is here!

[Enter SANTA CLAUS, with a bound. He comes to the front with lively motion, both hands extended, and sings with spirit.]

[Air, "I'm called Little Buttercup," from *Pinafore*.]

I'm called Mr. Santa Claus,—dear Mr. Santa Claus,—
 Though I could never say why!
 But still I'm called Santa Claus,—dear Mr. Santa
 Claus,
 Jolly old Santa Claus, I!

I've toys and I've trinkets, I've crankums and
 crinkets,
 I've presents for good children all;
 I've straps for the bad ones and mops for the sad
 ones,
 I've something for large and for small.

I've got a big pack full, with every gimcrack full,
 A Christmas-tree here in the hall;
 And to all your bright faces, so glowing with graces,
 I sing: Merry Christmas to all!

CHORUS [SANTA CLAUS and CHILDREN].

I'm } called Mr. Santa Claus,
 He's }
 Dear Mr. Santa Claus—
 Though } I } could never } tell why;
 } why we } } quite see;
 But still } I'm } called Santa Claus,
 } he's }
 Dear Mr. Santa Claus, } I.
 Jolly old Santa Claus, } he.

[He joins hands with the children, and they all dance around once, leaving FAIRY BOUNTIFUL and THE THREE SOMBER YOUNG GENTLEMEN in the middle.]

FAIRY. Well, what do you say now, about Christmas Day now—

O Somber Young Gentlemen three?
 Will you strike from the year, sirs, all the fun you
 see here, sirs,
 And the Christmas Day frolics so free?

[THE THREE YOUNG GENTLEMEN bow low to FAIRY BOUNTIFUL.]

NED. O sweet Mistress Fairy,
 So winsome and airy—

FRED. No longer all somber are we!

TED. Christmas Day is a pearl, ma'am.

[They spring to the sides of THE THREE PRETTY GIRLS, and with a courtly salute each Young Gentleman leads forward a Pretty Girl.]

ALL THREE YOUNG GENTLEMEN.

And with each Pretty Girl, ma'am,
 We're as jolly as jolly can be!

FAIRY. What—jolly?

CHILDREN [pointing at them]. Yes—jolly!

[THE THREE SOMBER YOUNG GENTLEMEN and THE THREE PRETTY GIRLS, in joyful chorus]—

As jolly as jolly can be!

[Here let a large gilt star, previously arranged, appear above the house-top. Enter THE THREE KINGS OF ORIENT. Let them sing the old carol, "We three kings of Orient are," the children all joining in the chorus, turning toward the star. Then let the FAIRY, stepping central, say—from Adelaide A. Proctor's "Christmas Carol"]—

"The Eastern Kings before him knelt,
 And rarest offerings brought;
 The shepherds worshiped and adored
 The wonders God had wrought.

"But the star that shone in Bethlehem
 Shines still and shall not cease,
 And we listen still to the tidings
 Of Glory and of Peace!"

SANTA CLAUS [stepping forward].

You who would mar the children's joy,
 Their childish trust dispelling,
 By casting doubts on Santa Claus
 And "facts" forever telling—
 Remember this: The Christmas-tree
 Is ever green with glory,
 And childish love will ever cling
 Around the "old, old story."
 He who would break must first prepare
 Some more inviting face, sirs;
 Tell me, I pray, on Christmas Day,
 Who'll take old Santa's place, sirs?
 Good-bye—good-day—

[Murmurs among the children. SANTA CLAUS turns quickly, as if he heard a complaint]—

What's that you say?

CHILDREN. You said, "a Christmas-tree," sir!

SANTA CLAUS [as if recollecting something].

Oh, so I did! It must be hid.
 We'll find it, I'll agree, sir.

[Seizing the FAIRY's wand and waving it gracefully.]

Burst now, O gate—the children wait,
 To bear off all they're able.
 Ho, tree, appear! Prove, now and here,
 Old Santa Claus no fable!

[The house scene separates or draws off, and discloses the Christmas-tree. Mount the platform of the tree on rollers; and, with light cords attached, the tree can now be moved to its proper place in center of the stage by seemingly invisible and magical means. This has already been done at many Christmas festivals, to the great delight of the children.]

CHILDREN [delightedly]. Oh, my! Oh, see!

SANTA CLAUS [pointing with wand, which he afterward returns with a bow to Fairy].

There—there's your tree!

THE THREE SOMBER YOUNG GENTLEMEN [kneeling to SANTA CLAUS].

We're loyal to your cause, sir.

SANTA CLAUS [slyly]. Am I a fraud?

THE THREE YOUNG GENTLEMEN. (Let's go abroad!)

CHILDREN ALL [vociferously]. You're dear old Santa Claus, sir!

[All join hands and dance around SANTA CLAUS and the Christmas-tree, singing the college glee, "For he's a jolly good fellow."]

DISTRIBUTION OF PRESENTS FROM THE TREE.



BY ELLA S. SARGENT.

PORTLAND, MAINE, November, 1883.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to write a letter to every boy and every girl in the world. But if I should write steadily to-day, and to-morrow, and the next day, and the next, and the next, and the next, I should be an old lady with dim eyes and trembling fingers before all the children in the United States were written to—and what could I do then about the others?

There are so many children!

I wonder, ST. NICHOLAS dear, if you know how many there are in this beautiful country of ours, and have you ever thought how much work these hundreds of thousands of children could do?

I have, and that is why I want to write them.

Oh! a bright thought has come to me. It tells me what to do about my letters.

"ST. NICHOLAS is your man!" it cries. "He has a printing-press. He can print more letters in one day than you can write in a hundred years. Write one letter to him and ask him to print a hundred thousand like it."

Will you do it, you kind, bright, loving child's friend? Will you say in every one, "Read this letter to your neighbors; call them together,—big girls and little girls, big boys and little boys,—and tell them there is work for them to do"?

If you will, please write in this way:

TO EVERY GIRL AND EVERY BOY IN NORTH AMERICA, SOUTH AMERICA, EUROPE, ASIA, AFRICA, AND AUSTRALIA.

MY DEAR, DEAR FRIENDS: Do you know what a "club" is?

I hear your answer echoing back from all the cliffs and hills of our land, and the sea-breeze brings it to me faintly from the countries far away:

"You get a lot of people to belong, and you have a president and rules, and pay so much to join, and vote, and——"

Yes, that is it; you all know what a "club" is.

Now I want to write you about a club—a true club—a very proper and thoroughly organized club, eleven months old; and you may believe every word, for it all happened right here, in Portland, Maine, less than a year ago.

On Sunday, December 10, 1882, a lady sitting in a warm, cozy room, while the wind whistled about the house, rattling the windows, and piling the snow-flakes in deep drifts across the steps and against the fences, was thinking of the houses up on The Hill, and down at Gorham's Corner, and in Salem Lane, which had no steam radiators, no glowing grates, no double windows to keep out these searching winter winds.

She thought, too, of the little children in those houses and, as it was December, of the joyous day coming so soon,—the day for giving gifts all the world over,—and wondering if in those houses little bare feet would spring out of bed, and dance across to the chimneys in the dim dawn of Christmas morning; if numb, blue fingers would eagerly snatch down shabby, faded stockings, and find that St. Nicholas had really been there; if, later on, fathers and mothers, with brothers and sisters, and babies in their high-chairs, "for just this one day," would come gayly around dinner-tables, where plump Christmas turkeys lay at one end, and plum puddings were ready for the other, and huge stacks of oranges, nuts, and apples rose in the middle; and if, in the evening, there would be great mysteries in the parlors, a fragrance of spruce, an exciting rustling of paper parcels, mothers slipping slyly in and out of the doors with

hands hidden behind them, a general scurrying about—and then all eyes dazzled by a hundred twinkling candles caught in the branches of a graceful tree laden with toys.

She wondered if in those houses would go up that wild shout of glee, those ringing hurrahs and the joyous clapping of hands she had so often heard. And as she wondered, she shook her head sadly, saying:

"They have never known these pleasures, they never will, unless—oh! unless somebody remembers them. Why can't something be done? I would work, but one person can do so little alone. I want a hundred helpers—where shall I find them?"

She thought intently for a few moments, and then cried: "I know! The children will do it, the Portland children—those who have happy homes and Christmas-trees, and play-rooms full of toys. They will load a Christmas-tree as one was never loaded before; they will spread a Christmas dinner which can not be eaten in one day; they will do it—the warm-hearted, generous Portland children."

The bells from all the churches were ringing for

house at five o'clock, on the following Thursday afternoon.

Did they come?

Come? They did not know what the call was for, save for a whisper about Christmas work; but

1882.

CHRISTMAS.

1882.

"Freely ye have received, freely give."

C. C. C.

This is to certify that *Alice Elizabeth Bors*
is enrolled a member of the

CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS CLUB

PORTLAND.

Wm. W. W. Secretary.

CARD OF MEMBERSHIP.

they came: came in pairs, in trios, in quartets and quintets—a whole squad from the Butler School; big boys with big hearts, wee tots only four years old from the kindergarten—one hundred children, ready for anything.

Oh, I wish you could have been there at the forming of that club!

A lady came forward to speak to them, and their voices were hushed in expectation. I can't tell you just what she said, but her words were beautiful.

She spoke of *their* Christmas festivities every year, of *their* presents and *their* friends; then of unfortunate children who had fewer, some none, of these joys.

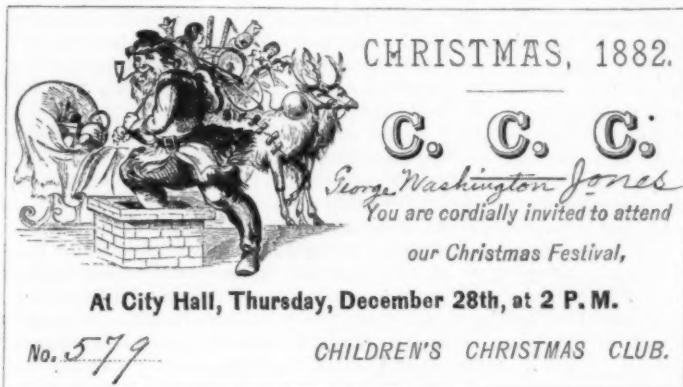
When she asked: "Does any one here want to do anything for these others?" she thought that *they* could do anything was new to almost all—to many even the *wish* was new; but like one great heart-throb came their answer:

"Yes! I! I! I! I! I want to do something!"

"Children, what can you do?"

A pause, and then one little voice cried:

"Dive 'em a cent!"



CARD OF INVITATION.

Sunday-school. That was the time—that was the place to find the children. A number of notes were written, asking two or more girls and boys from every Sunday-school in the city to meet at that

That was the first offer, but it was followed by many another: "Give 'em candy!" "Give 'em a turkey!" "Give 'em a coat!"—each beginning with that grand word, "Give."

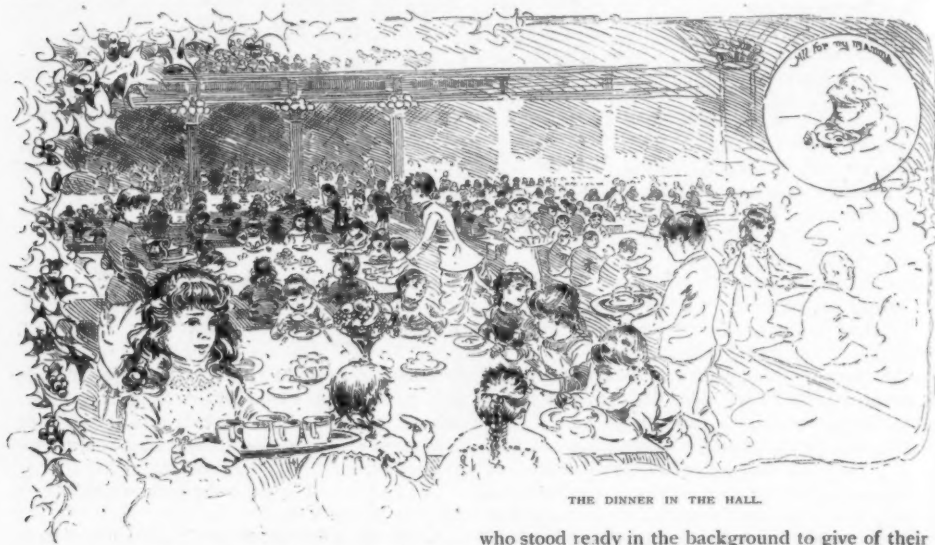
The result of that meeting was this:

To form a club which should last "forever"; to call it "The Children's Christmas Club"; to have for its motto: "Freely ye have received, freely

The children then dispersed, to meet again on Saturday, at Reception Hall.

Saturday morning brought to the hall, first, a meeting of grown persons, who offered their stronger hands, wiser heads, and deeper purses, in the work the children had undertaken; but agreed that all that children could do should be left to them.

And a grand support did these "elders" form,



give"; to place the membership fee at ten cents, so that no child should be prevented from joining because he was not "rich"; to make no distinction in regard to sect or nationality; to permit to join the club any girl or boy under eighteen years of age who accepted its principles, which were: To be ready at all times with kind words to assist children less fortunate than themselves; to make every year, in Christmas week, a festival of some kind for them; to save through the year toys, books, and games, instead of carelessly destroying them; to save and, whenever practicable, put in good repair all outgrown clothing; to *beg* nothing from any source, but to keep as the key-stone of the club the word "GIVE"; to pay every year a tax of ten cents; and to make their first festival in the City Hall on Thursday, December 28, 1882.

Then came the choosing of officers, with the idea that the chief officers should be grown persons. His Honor the Mayor of Portland was elected President of the Children's Christmas Club.

Others, ladies and gentlemen, were chosen for Vice-President, Treasurer, Secretary, Executive Committee, etc., etc.

who stood ready in the background to give of their strength, who quietly inclosed their willing contributions to the Executive Committee, "with best wishes for the Children's Christmas Club."

Instead of one hundred children, three hundred came to Reception Hall, eager to join the club. After addresses by the President and others, children's committees were appointed, and their work explained to them.

As the children passed out in single file, each was registered, and received from the Secretary a card of membership, like that shown on page 175.

Let us skip the busy days of preparation, when the Secretary of the Children's Christmas Club recorded *twelve hundred names*; when the Park-street school sent in the names of one hundred members who brought to their teacher books, toys, and clothing, to be sent to the City Hall; when comfortably clad children came through the city bringing in their sleighs, on their sleds, in their arms, bundles of clothing and toys, baskets of provision, books, sleds, skates—much that was dear to them, given in the spirit of *true* charity.

One child could bring "only a plate of biscuits"; another "a dozen apples for the dinner"; one had no toys at home, but brought a five-cent piece she

had treasured "to buy somethin' for some little feller that has n't nothin'"; one took *all* her money and brought to her Sunday-school teacher a painted candy bird-cage, and said, "I want it to go on the tree for some child poorer 'n me."

And how were the children invited—those children who were to be the guests of the club?

Six hundred invitations were printed. An Invitation Committee was formed to distribute these invitations with the greatest care to persons who would be responsible for every ticket; that is, they gave no invitation to any child without knowing the parents or something of the recipient's history, and writing the child's name on the front of the card, with the giver's name on the back.

For three days before the festival, these little "guests" could come to the clothing room, and from the donations made by the "members" receive boots, shoes, dresses, hoods, trousers, and jackets—whatever they needed to enable them to present a neat and orderly appearance at the festival.

Let us look into the City Hall at half-past one, on the afternoon of Holy Innocents' Day, December 28th, the most fitting day for this children's feast.

The gallery is reserved for those members of the club who have no work to do during that afternoon. But, beside these, no other spectators are admitted to the hall; no grown persons, except the committees who are to assist during the festival in various ways. The stage supports a lofty tree, decorated that morning by the members, while, on tables behind, are heaped presents for six hundred children. Around the edge of the hall, settees have been placed for the guests, while the entire center is converted into a banquet-hall.

Thirty long tables are loaded with all that makes Christmas dinners the best in the year. Ten plates are laid at each side of those tables. A lady is standing at the foot of every table; a member of the club stands at either side as "waiter," to see that no guest lacks anything.

In the anteroom, the Reception Committee, consisting of fifteen boys and fifteen girls, under the direction of a gentleman who has consented to take charge of the guests, await the arrivals.

Looking down the broad staircase, we see the lower hall filled with children, whose eager, up-turned faces are reward enough for all the labor.

Soon the six hundred have had hats and caps and cloaks safely checked, and are marshaled in thirty lines of twenty, each line headed by one of the Reception Committee. The doors are thrown open, the band plays a march, and the long procession files in—twenty girls, then twenty boys; up and down, in and out, through the six long aisles,

between the tables, and twice around the hall before the last one has entered.

Such a line of faces, beaming with joy or timid with bewildered awe; rough hair smooth to-day; grimy hands cleanly scrubbed; no harsh words, no jostling, no disorder, as rank after rank enters, and the quick eyes take in the beauty of the Christmas garlands, the towering tree, and, best of all, the good-will and love radiating from every face.

Among the presents sent in was a large doll, handsomely dressed, to which was pinned this note:

"If there is any little lame girl at the festival, this doll is for her."

As the line wound along, a tender murmur ran through the hall, for there, leaning upon crutches, came a lame girl, and every little boy



DISTRIBUTING THE GIFTS.

and girl whispered on the instant, "That doll is for her."

The children stood around the tables, the leaders taking their places at the head.

The musicians lay aside their instruments, and a deep quiet rests upon those ranks of children, as the President of the club rises and extends the Christmas greeting of the Children's Christmas Club to its guests.

After that, a clergyman took them back to that day, eighteen hundred and eighty-two years before, when the great and cruel King Herod sent out

his decree that every child under two years old should be put to death, and his executioners went forth and slaughtered every one; but the little Christ-child was saved. Saved for what? To live to teach people that little children are precious to their Heavenly Father, and that in every little child is something that will live forever—the price of which is far above rubies.

The band then played gayly, and the guests who had waited so patiently and respectfully were invited to partake of the feast.

Every plate had been previously filled with a generous supply of turkey or chicken, and every table had an unfailing source of ham, tongue, pickles, cake, and pie, and for nearly an hour the little hosts and hostesses served their guests before conducting them to the settees awaiting them.

You can judge best whether the dinner was appreciated, by my telling you of one little girl who, when asked if she preferred chicken or turkey, replied, "I aint never tasted chicken"; and of the boy who put aside, in a little pile beside his plate, the nicest part of everything given him. When asked if he did not want to eat that, he looked up shyly, saying, "Please, may I carry that home to Mother? She's sick."

While the children are marching around to their seats, those thirty tables disappear as if by magic, caught up by ready hands, leaving the floor clear for games and amusements.

Where were the most eager faces—among the "members" in the gallery or the "guests" about the hall? Which were the happier?

I think there was no difference; for when our hearts are full to the brim with joy, they can hold no more, and if screams and peals of laughter, and quick clapping of hands, mean joyousness, they were both as happy as they could be.

There was so much to enjoy!

A little girl recited beautifully, "'T was the night before Christmas"; a queer hobby-horse as large as life curveted and pranced about the hall, taking fright at everything, and convulsing the house with laughter as he waltzed in time with the music; some gentlemen sang funny songs and told the most amusing stories; and suddenly who should appear but Santa Claus himself! He was "clothed all in fur from his head to his feet," and carried on his back a pack containing six hundred bags of candy.

As the sunlight faded, a tiny ray suddenly flashed from the highest branch of the Christmas-tree, and a little voice cried, "Oh, Bessy, see the star!" Then another and another twinkling light crept out, till the graceful Christmas-tree stood transfigured, all agleam with light.

A pretty device had been to tie among the branches "sun-bows," as a wee one called a prism, and the tiny candles were reflected in a hundred swaying mirrors.

A quiet awe had rested upon the children as they breathlessly watched the stars creep out; but as a flood of light burst upon them from the ceiling, a grand hurrah went up. Then a strain of music came, soft at first, but soon swelling into a mighty chorus:

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

Where are the presents all this time? Safely waiting on long tables behind the tree, where now each rank of twenty is led by the hosts, who have so cordially done their duty through the afternoon.

Up the flight, at the left of the stage, goes the long procession, on to the stage, and near that glittering tree whose broad arms stretch out as if to welcome them. Then a present is laid in every hand, and on goes the line down the steps at the right, out into the dressing-rooms, and then home.

The lame child, whom we saw when she came in, receives the doll sent for her; and among the fathers and mothers there not one can keep back the tears.

"They slung me a pair o' skates!" cried one boy who literally could not restrain his joy.

It seemed to be always the right thing for the right child. Was it because they have so few, that any gift is precious?

But even this is not all: for, after they are wrapped in their out-door garments (which are all too thin), apples and oranges are slipped into their pockets, and packages of food for sick mothers are put into their hands.

Thus closes the happy day.

Looking up the deserted staircase, a little later, a gentleman saw, all unconscious of time or place, a child sitting there, with a doll—her first doll, probably—tightly clasped in her arms, gently swaying to and fro, crooning a soft lullaby.

Will you print all this, ST. NICHOLAS?

Will you ask your readers if there shall not be other Christmas clubs this year? If all the children in every city, every town, and every village, shall not have one good dinner, one happy day, every year?

If you will do this, dear ST. NICHOLAS, I am sure I may give you the thanks of all the members of the Portland Christmas Club, who have learned by experience that there is no way so sure of making their own hearts glad as to make glad those of their less fortunate brothers and sisters.

GO THOU AND DO LIKEWISE.

A B C C E I X X X I I I .

Wee Mother Hubbard,

The Great-Great-Grand Daughter
of Old Mother Hubbard;
the same being a half day-historic
here done in lines and many pictures
by one A. BRENNAN.

Wee Mother Hubbard
Ran to the Cupboard
But finding the Cupboard bare
Pulled out of the press
A gay satin dress
Just matching her golden hair.



She went to the Baker's
For Dolly's fresh bread.
And when she came back
Her Doll was in bed.





She went to the Barber's
Tried on a white wig
And when she came back
Dolly danced a fine jig.



She went to the Fruiterer's
To buy her some fruit
And when she came back
Her Doll played the lute.



She went to the Tailor's
To buy a red coat
And when she came back
Dolly rode on a goat.



She went to the Cobbler's
To buy her some shoes.
And when she came back
Dolly was reading the News.



She went to the Doctor's
To get her some mustard
And when she came back
Doll was eating a custard.



She went to the Garden
For peonies rare
And when she came back
Doll was dressing her hair.



She went to the Hatter's
To get her new hat
And when she came back
Doll was scolding the Cat.



*She went to ye Sempstress
To get bits of linen
And when she came back
Her Dolly was spinnin.*

*She went to ye Hosier's
To buy her some hose
And when she came back
Doll was dressed in new clothes.*

*The Darling did curl'sy,
The Doll made a bow,
The Darling said: "Nurtsy
I wants Dolly now."*



WORK AND PLAY FOR YOUNG FOLK. XI.

MY DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS: With a view to providing some pleasant work for you, and offering a worthy incentive for your efforts, I make the following proposition to all young folk, from eleven to seventeen years of age, who may happen to read this page of ST. NICHOLAS:

Make the best illustration, or set of illustrations, that you possibly can, for any one of the three poems on the opposite page. The sender of the best illustration, or set of illustrations, under the conditions stated below, will be presented by the undersigned with a prize, in money, of \$20.00; for the second best drawing, or set of drawings, a prize of \$10.00 will be given; and for the third best, a prize of \$5.00. The conditions are as follows:

(1) The drawings must be entirely original, both in design and execution, and made without any assistance.

(2) They must be drawn on smooth white drawing-paper or Bristol-board.

(3) Drawings made with a pen and jet-black drawing-ink will be preferred, though pencils will be allowed.

(4) No picture must be either wider or higher than ten inches, and all must be mailed flat; that is, not rolled or folded.

(5) Address all drawings for competition to SILAS GREEN, care of ST. NICHOLAS, 33 East 17th street, New York City.

(6) The drawings must be accompanied with the full name, age, and postal address of the artist, written on a separate piece of paper, pasted lightly upon the back of the drawing. Do not send any letter requiring a reply.

(7) Unsuccessful drawings will be returned, provided full postage for the purpose has been sent.

(8) The prizes are to be awarded by a committee of four persons chosen from the editorial and art rooms of THE CENTURY CO., and the successful pictures, upon payment of the prizes named, will become the property of the ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE.

(9) No drawing will be admitted for competition if received after January 15, 1884.

If it prove advisable, the best drawing, or set of drawings (or, possibly, all the drawings for which prizes shall have been awarded), will be printed with the poems in ST. NICHOLAS for April, 1884.

The same artist may illustrate all the poems, if he or she so desires; but in that case each separate drawing must be distinctly labeled at the bottom with the title of the poem it is intended to illustrate.

Of course, those boys and girls who have studied drawing will use their utmost skill in preparing these illustrations; but even those who have not learned how to draw are invited to send rough sketches of

what they think the pictures should be—for who knows but that this plan may bring to light a great original genius?

Now, my friends, you have all the rules set down categorically, and you are respectfully requested to observe them closely, for the sake of the committee of four, as well as for your own.

Many of you will remember that the young author of "Christina Churning" published her first poem in ST. NICHOLAS when she was a little girl of ten years.

Let me say here that the dear Little School-ma'am and your friend Jack—who, you see, is crowded out this month—send their hearty greetings.

Your sincere friend,

SILAS GREEN.

A SQUIRREL, A BIRD, AND A BOY.

BY JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

A HAZEL-NUT hung in the top of a tree;
"Ha," chirped Sir Squirrel, "that fellow for me!"

Then he whisked his tail high over his back,
And began to map out his plan of attack.

"Suppose, Mr. Frisky, you take it now,"
Piped Nut-hatch up from a handy bough;
Then he wiped his bill and wiggled his wing,
Ready the minute Sir Squirrel should spring.

As the two sat sharply eying each other,
Along came a boy. "Now, somehow a-nuther,"
Said he, "that nut has got to come down,
And, just for a change, take a trip to town."

Come down it did; while squirrel and bird
Sat so still not a hair or a feather stirred:
The kink was all out of Sir Frisky's tail,
And Nut-hatch's bill felt blunt as a nail.

'T is n't best to be too certain, you see,
About the plump nuts in the top of the tree.

A FAIRY'S ORDER.

BY M. F. BUTTS.

LITTLE black spinner, spin me some lace,
Fine as fine can be;
I am going to dine with the butterfly
And meet the bumble-bee.

You know how rich the humming-bird is—
He will be there, too;
I am going to wear a poppy-leaf dress
And diamonds of dew.

Little black spinner, spin away,
And do your very best,
That I may trim my poppy-leaf dress,
And look as well as the rest.

CHRISTINA CHURNING.

BY DORA READ GOODALE.

CREAK, creak! beneath two hardened hands
The yellow churn unflagging swings;
In plaided frock Christina stands
And rocks it as she sings.

The rafted ceiling, dark and low,
The jutting mantel, brown with smoke,
In seasoned timbers still can show
Their tough, unyielding oak.

In this wide-fronted chimney-place,
This brick-laid hearth that glows again,
I read the old New England race
Of rugged maids and men.

Christina, with her northern eyes,
Her flaxen braids, her yellow hood,
Can never claim the stubborn ties
Of that rebellious blood.

Not she, those stranger-looks confess,
That heavy-footed, peasant tread,
The woolen homespun of her dress,
The quilted skirt of red;

The grass-green ribbon, knotted thrice,
The cotton kerchief, bordered gay,
That colored to her childish eyes
A Swedish gala day.

She sings—a voice untrained and young,
A simple measure, free as rain;
I follow through the foreign tongue
The little wild refrain.

Creak, creak! beneath her hardened hands
The yellow churn unsteady swings;
Two tears drop singly where she stands,
Unbidden, as she sings.

TO OUR READERS.

"THE Land of Fire" was completed by Captain Mayne Reid only a few weeks before his death. Though the manuscript arrived too late for us to present more than one drawing with the first installment, the succeeding chapters will be freely illustrated—the entire manuscript being already in the artist's hands. In one of his letters to the editor, Captain Reid wrote as follows concerning the story: "I have endeavored to make the tale instructive, and the information of Terra del Fuego conveyed by it embraces nearly all that is known of that weird land. The Natural History may be relied upon."

It has been found impracticable to begin printing Miss Alcott's "Spinning-wheel" stories in the present issue of ST. NICHOLAS, but the second and concluding part of the Christmas tale by the same author ("Sophie's Secret," page 114) will console our girl-readers for the omission of "Madam Shirley's Story." This, the first of the "Spinning-wheel" stories, will be given without fail in the January number. It should be said concerning the "Spinning-wheel" stories that, though they were announced as "a serial," they prove to be a *series* of short tales, each complete in itself, though all are to be printed under the one general title. At the time our prospectus was sent to the printer, Miss Alcott had in mind a serial story; but she has since changed her plan and decided in favor of a series of short tales. Every number of ST. NICHOLAS for 1884, therefore, will contain one of these short stories, and the series will be quite as interesting and welcome, we trust, as a long serial would be.

The variety and extent of Christmas attractions which our pages present this month compel us to omit, for once, "Jack-in-the-Pulpit," the Letter-box, the Riddle-box, and the Report of the Agassiz Association. These all will appear, however, in the January ST. NICHOLAS, which also will be a Holiday number. The contents of this second Holiday number will include, besides many other delightful contributions, a twelve-page Christmas story by H. H., entitled "Christmas at the Pink Boarding-house," with pictures by Mr. Sandham; the concluding part of the story by Julian Hawthorne begun in this number; and a short Christmas story by Rose Hawthorne Lathrop (the son and daughter of Nathaniel Hawthorne being thus represented in one number of ST. NICHOLAS); the concluding chapter of Mr. Boyesen's story of "Magnie's Dangerous Ride"; and the second installment of Mr. Stoddard's "Winter Fun," necessarily postponed from this issue.

To the large number of readers who will deplore the absence this month of the Report of the "Agassiz Association," we gladly promise a report of double the usual length in our next number. And we take the present opportunity to heartily commend this active and admirable Club to all who are interested in the study of Nature, whether readers of ST. NICHOLAS or not. Under Mr. Ballard's enthusiastic and able leadership, the Association has grown to a membership of 6000, embracing chapters which represent almost every portion of the United States, while many prominent scientists have shown their interest by according the Club their earnest aid and encouragement. We take pleasure in calling special attention to the monthly reports of the Association, and assuring all readers that a great many very interesting accounts and items of personal observation from boys and girls all over the country are given in the modest, fine type of the "A. A." pages.

The January Riddle-box will contain the names of solvers of the puzzles in the November number.— and also the answers to the November puzzles.

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AWAY FROM HOME ON CHRISTMAS-DAY.

Drawn by Mary Hallock Foote.